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MAY 16, 1956
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THE TRAMCAR

Of Electricity I sing,
And someone's useful notion
To use this scientific thing
For human locomotion.

I sing the fearless artisans
Versed in its mystic action,
A mixture of (one understands)
Repulsion and attraction.

I sing (until my larynx fails)
The fate of these aspiring
To stand with one foot on the rails
And one foot on the wiring.

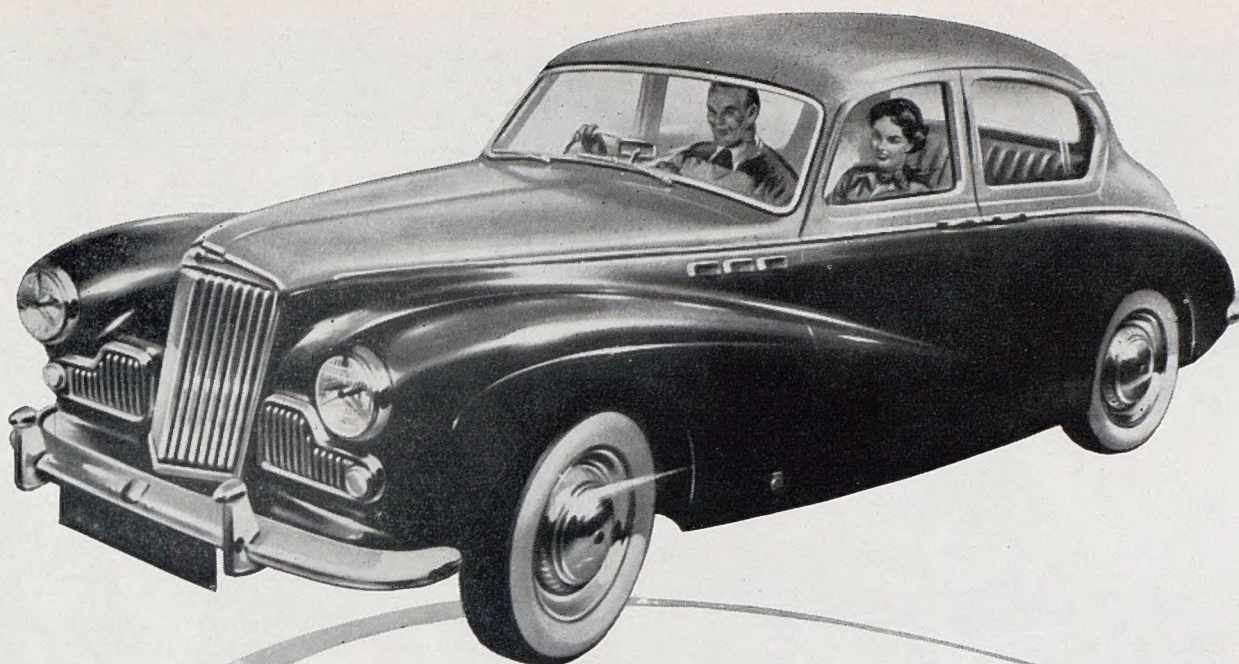
In fact I'll sing (while I can stand)
The tramcar, and the speed it
Will bear me to my Guinness, and
My Goodness, how I'll need it!

O Ampère, Volta, Watt and Ohm!
No wonder you look gloomy —
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Guinness is good for you

*"What'll happen in a thunderstorm,
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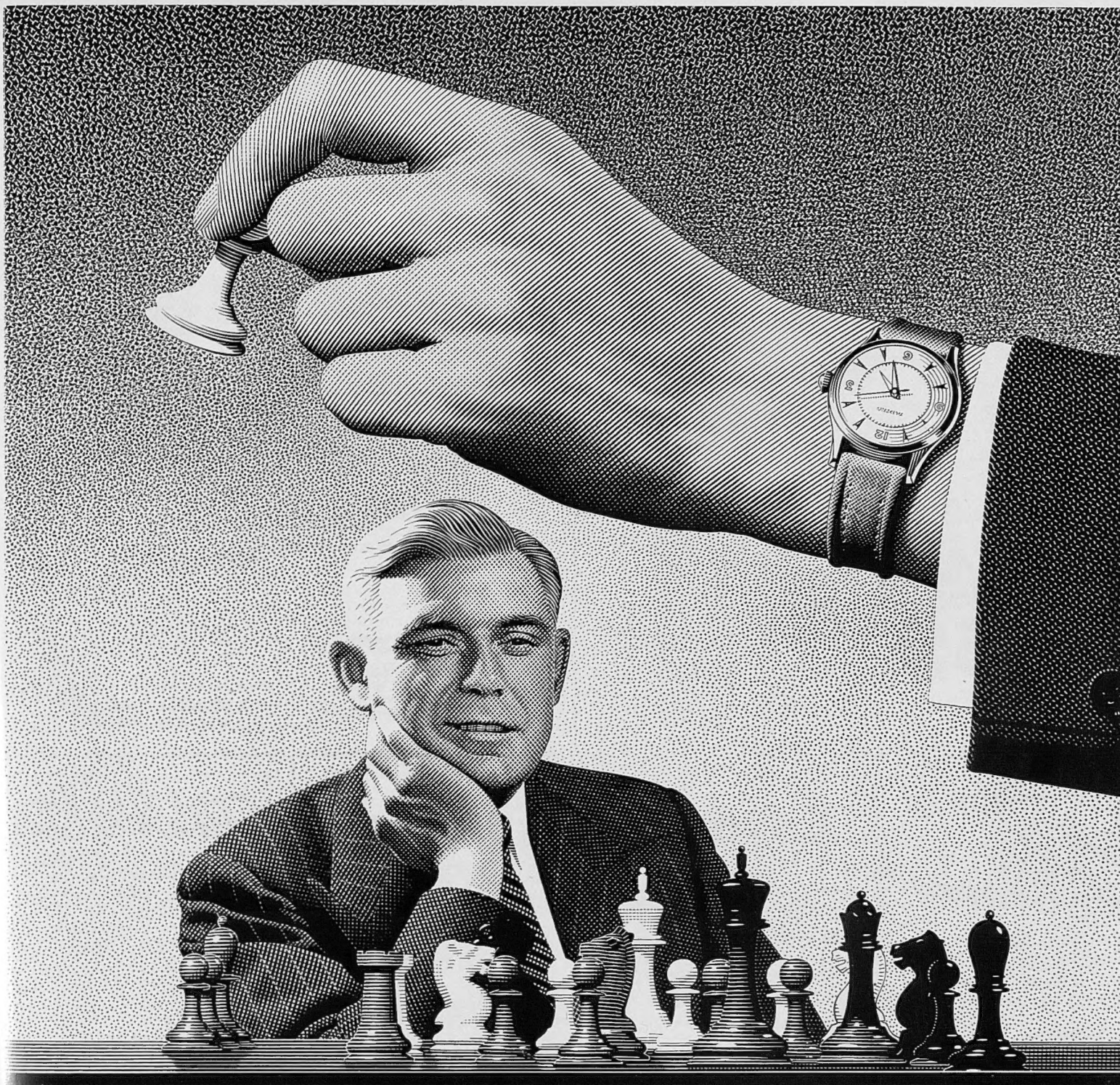
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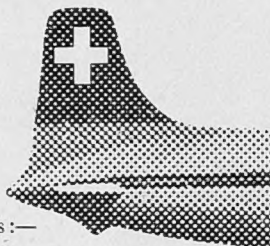
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45	Sonne	15 20
18	Blume	15 20
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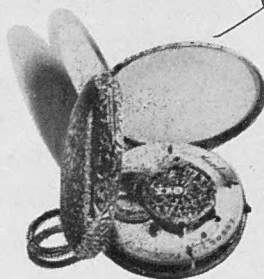


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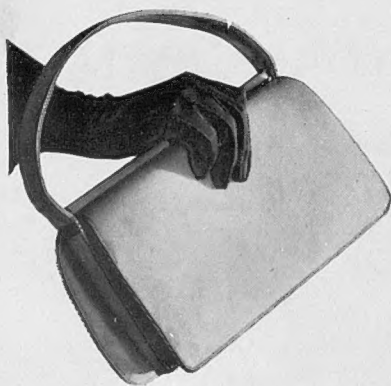
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Church's archmoulded shoes

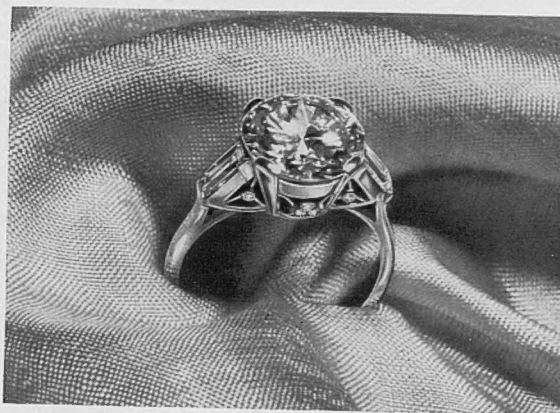
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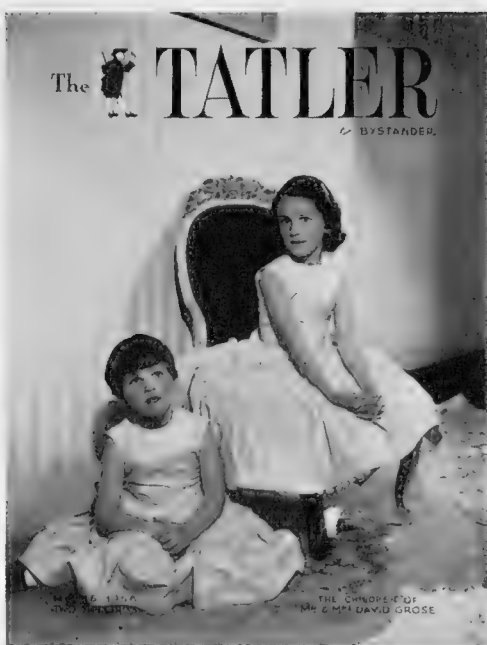
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Eric Coop

VIRGINIA AND BENEDETTA GROSE, whose photograph appears on the cover of *The TATLER* this week, are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. David Grose; their ages are five and eight respectively. Their mother is the youngest daughter of His Excellency Daniel Vare, who died recently, and who was a former Italian Ambassador to China and a noted author. Mr. David Grose is a broker at Lloyd's, and a very successful amateur photographer. The family have a house in London, but spend much of the year in Italy

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From May 16 to May 23, 1956

May 16 (Wed.) Prince Philip visits stations of the Home Air Command of the Royal Navy, at Yeovilton, Cudrose and Stretton. Shropshire and West Midland Agricultural Show at Shrewsbury.

First night of *Albertina By Moonlight* at the Westminster Theatre.

Dance: Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch for Miss Florence Harcourt-Smith and Countess Bunny Esterhazy at Claridge's.

Distinguished Visitors' Dinner at the Savoy Hotel, at which Princess Marie-Louise will preside.

Racing at Newmarket (Newmarket Stakes), Bath and Leopardstown.

May 17 (Thur.) Prince Philip visits Naval Air stations at Arbroath and Lossiemouth.

Hertfordshire Show at Oak Farm, St. Albans.

Cocktail Party: Mrs. Robert Stoneham for her daughter, Miss Sara Stoneham at Welbeck House.

Dances: The Hon. Mrs. Phillimore, Mrs. T. A. Renshaw and Mrs. Le Hunte Anderson for their daughters, the Hon. Frances Phillimore, Miss Victoria Messel and Miss Juliet Anderson, in London.

The Ski Club of Great Britain's dance at Grosvenor House.

Racing at Bath and Newmarket.

May 18 (Fri.) Dance: The Countess of Portsmouth for her daughters, Lady Philippa and Lady Jane Wallop, at Uckfield House, Sussex.

Racing at Haydock Park and Hurst Park.

May 19 (Sat.) Navy Day at Devonport (to 21st). British Games at the White City (and 21st).

Garden Party given by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Blenheim Palace.

Phyllis Court Club, Henley, gala Leap Year dinner-dance.

The 7th Royal Yacht reunion dinner at the Royal Beach Hotel, Southsea.

Racing at Haydock Park, Hurst Park, Stockton, Warwick, Doncaster and Towcester.

May 20 (Whit-Sunday) Lawn Tennis: Ladies Match v. Oxford University W.L.T.C., at Roehampton. American Tournament at Roehampton.

May 21 (Whit-Monday) The Princess Royal opens Buttermere King George VI Memorial Hostel. North Somerset Show, Bristol.

Warwickshire County Show, Wellesbourne Aerodrome, near Warwick (two days).

Woodstock Horse Show at Blenheim Park, Oxon.

Motor Racing: B.A.R.C. Meeting at Goodwood. First National Air Races Meeting, Yeadon Aerodrome, Yorks.

Racing at Doncaster, Hurst Park (two days). Birmingham (two days), Redcar (two days).

May 22 (Tues.) The Queen and other members of the Royal Family will be present at the private view of the Chelsea Flower Show which will be open to the public from 23rd to 25th.

Dances: Tessa Lady O'Brien and Mrs. Gerald Hamilton for their daughters, Miss Shaunagh O'Brien and Miss Daphne and Miss Valerie Battine, at 6 Belgrave Square. Mrs. Gray Horton for Miss Carlotta Horton at the Ironmongers' Hall.

May 23 (Wed.) Princess Marie-Louise and Princess Alexandra attend at the Navy League Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Aldershot Show (four days) in the Rushmore Arena. First night of *Gigi* at the New Theatre.

Dances: Mrs. Lionel Wigram and Mrs. Brian Buchel for their daughters Miss Denia Wigram and Miss June Ducas at Claridge's. Mrs. Charles Drage (small dance) for Miss Madeleine Drage. 38 Sheffield Terrace.

Racing at Salisbury (two days).

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By Appointment
To Her Majesty The Queen
Linen Drapers
Debenhams & Freebody



Threequarter cost of leopard.

all that is best in fur at

Debenhams & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.



Desmond O'Neill

Lady Primrose and her daughter

BEFORE HER MARRIAGE to Lord Primrose last year, Lady Primrose was Miss Deirdre Reid, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reid, of Dedham, Essex. Lord Primrose is the son and heir of the Earl of Rosebery, who is a great figure in both the

political and the racing worlds. In this photograph Lady Primrose is seen with her daughter, the Hon. Lucy Catherine Mary Primrose, who was christened last month. She and her husband have just moved into a new house in Orme Square, W.2



THE PRINCESS ROYAL was present at the annual dinner given by the Paris Branch of the Royal Society of St. George. At the president's table were Lady Waverley, Lady Diana Cooper, Mr. H. M. Ainsworth, the Marchioness of Salisbury, H. E. Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the British Ambassador, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Lord Ismay (president of the branch), Lady Jebb, the Marquess of Salisbury, Lady Ismay, the Rev. H. R. T. Brandreth, Hon. Chaplain of the Society, and the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes

Social Journal

Jennifer

A PRINCESS MET THE V.C.s

PRINCESS MARGARET, wearing a white satin evening dress and a diamond necklace, was present at the ball which the Royal Society of St. George gave at the Royal College of Surgeons to celebrate the Centenary of the Victoria Cross. This was really the first event in what is going to be a truly historic V.C. Centenary celebration. The fine building in Lincoln's Inn Fields made a splendid setting, and as guests went in to dinner they passed through a guard of honour of men of the Grenadier Guards, immaculate in their scarlet tunics; while the band of this great regiment played during dinner. Mary Duchess of Devonshire received the guests with her son the Duke of Devonshire.

Brig. Sir John Smyth, V.C., chairman of the Victoria Cross Association, presented the V.C.s present to Princess Margaret, who obviously enjoyed the evening, dancing frequently and staying until a few minutes before the end. She sat at the Duke of Devonshire's right, with the Rev. Simon Phipps on her right. Also in the party were the Duchess of Devonshire and her mother-in-law, the Duke's sister Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, and Brig. Anthony Head with Lady Dorothea Head.

Sir John and Lady Smyth had a big party jointly with Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield. With them were Mr. J. A. Christie, V.C., and

his wife, the Countess of Suffolk, Lord Altrincham, Miss Pat Smyth, who is now in the middle of a busy show jumping season, Air/Cdre. Helmore, Mr. and Mrs. Wills and Brig. Denyer. Among the other gallant holders of the Victoria Cross at the ball were Brig. C. E. Hudson, V.C., Chairman of the V.C. Ball Committee, Cdre. A. W. S. Agar, R.N., V.C., and Major D. A. Jamieson, V.C.

The great panelled dining hall of this college, with portraits of famous surgeons adorning the walls, was decorated with red and white flowers and softly lit. Tables were arranged up three-quarters of the room, with a dance floor and band at one end.

OTHERS enjoying the evening were Lord and Lady Newall, the former wearing an imposing array of medals, Brig. Sir Ralph and Lady Rayner, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lady Plender, Viscount Furness, who was the honorary treasurer, Sir Irving Gane who has been Chamberlain of London since 1945, Lady Ingleby-Mackenzie and Sir Herbert and Lady Cohen.

The V.C. Association provides, under the umbrella of the Royal Society of St. George, a focus for all V.C.s and fulfils an important purpose in connection with a decoration which is of unique significance in our British way of life. Although there are about four hundred V.C.s living, some have been too badly

wounded and some are too old to come to London for the great week of reunion which begins on June 25. It is hoped, however, that 250 V.C.s from all over the Commonwealth will assemble here, each accompanied by a wife or relation.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a small reception which the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza-Leao Gracie gave at their Embassy. This was in honour of Dr. Joao de Scantimburgo and three other leading journalists from Brazil, who are over here as the guests of our Government. Mme. Gracie, who I was sorry to learn has been having trouble with her eyes, looked very chic in black. Their two charming daughters, Miss Veronica and Miss Elizabeth de Souza-Leao Gracie, were both busy entertaining the guests. Miss Veronica was greeting the Portuguese Ambassador, who later told me how much he had enjoyed a weekend trial cruise in the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's new liner *Reina del Mar*, a fine ship which has now sailed on her maiden voyage to South America. On this cruise, which lasted only from Friday to Monday, he told me they visited in perfect spring weather the Western Isles, including such beauty spots as the Isle of Skye.

Sir Donald Gainer, Ambassador to Brazil from 1944-47, was at the party. Also Lord and Lady Kindersley, Sir Arthur and Lady Evans

whom I met talking to Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Kerman, Sir Campbell Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund de Rothschild, two very pretty Brazilian girls Miss Jean and Miss Charm Quick, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gray, Mrs. Marie Louise Arnold, Vice-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps Mr. Marcus Cheke and the Hon. Mrs. Cheke, and Senhor Frederico Chermont Lisboa, the Brazilian Consul General in London, and his wife.

LATER that evening I went to the Tate Gallery where the German Ambassador and Frau von Herwarth held a reception in honour of the visit to this country of Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, German Minister for Foreign Affairs. The guests, who were all in evening dress, the men wearing their orders and decorations, were able to stroll through two galleries and see a current exhibition of German art. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps were present, and I met the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, the Philippines Ambassador and Mme. Guerrero, and the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Schreiber, the latter looking very beautiful in a beaded pastel evening dress. Also there was the Afghan Ambassador, the Brazilian Ambassador, the Marquise du Parc Locmaria, who was talking to Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones, and Sir Derek and Lady Hoyer Millar who were over on an official visit from Germany for a week; they were accompanied by their daughter Elizabeth. The Marquess of Reading I met talking to Lord Chesham, also Mr. Leslie and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage and Lord and Lady Grantchester.

THE following night I was invited to two diplomatic parties. Firstly the reception at the Nepalese Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens given by the Nepalese Ambassador and Srimati Manandhar to celebrate the Coronation of H.M. King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva which was taking place in Khatmandu that day. The Queen's Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Scarbrough, had flown out to Nepal to represent Her Majesty at the Coronation. At this reception the Diplomatic Corps was again well represented. Among past and present members of it I met Sir Christopher Summerhayes, our Ambassador in Khatmandu from 1951-55, who has now retired from the diplomatic service. He was talking to Mrs. Francis Fisher (Violet Cressy-Marcks, the great explorer) who has recently returned with her husband (who was also at the reception) from a visit to Indo-China this winter.

Another returned traveller greeting many friends was Sir Harry Brittain, who has been to Australia and New Zealand, where he spent Christmas with his brother—the first one they had spent together for over forty years. The High Commissioner for India, Mrs. Pandit, was talking to friends in the hall as I arrived, and I saw Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, the Dowager Marchioness Townshend, Mrs. Kempster, and the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires, who was arriving as I left.

FROM there I went on to the Hyde Park Hotel where the Iraqi Chargé d'Affaires and Mrs. Al Askari received the guests at a reception to celebrate the birthday of King Faisal II. This was a very big party and the ballroom and adjoining suite of rooms were soon filled. Here again were many members of the Diplomatic Corps and of both Houses of Parliament. As I walked up the stairs I met the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, and his wife, and later Mr. Robert Carr, one of the most promising of the younger M.P.s, who is now Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labour, Mr. Iain Macleod. He

[Continued overleaf]



ST. GEORGE'S DAY HONOURED

THE annual dinner of the Royal Society of St. George (City of London branch) was held at Grosvenor House. Above: Col. W. E. Loweth, president, Mrs. Loweth, Lt.-Col. H. Brookhouse, chairman, and Mrs. R. Stiell, attended by pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company

Mr. Guy Matthews and Miss Penny Spriggs



Mr. E. K. Tetley and Mrs. Tetley



Desmond O'Neill

Mrs. J. W. Loweth, Mr. F. Weston, Mr. Victor Lucas and Mrs. Lucas

was accompanied by his pretty wife and they were talking to Lord Mancroft. The Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson, was there, also the M.P. for the Sutton division of Surrey, Major Richard Sharples, with Mrs. Sharples, who was wearing a very gay little floral hat, and Mr. John Eden, the Prime Minister's nephew who represents Bournemouth West in the House. I met Lord and Lady Birdwood talking to Mr. and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian, Countess Jellicoe, Mr. and Mrs. Willie von Neurath and Don Pasquale Prunas, who succeeded Signor Livio Theodoli as Minister-Counsellor at the Italian Embassy.

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THE Rose Ball in aid of Alexandra Day has grown from very small beginnings to be one of the biggest and best occasions of its kind during the season. It is now held in the great ballroom at Grosvenor House, and this year Lady Osborn, wife of Sir Danvers Osborn, was chairman, and with her husband had a big party at their table. Mrs. Charles Norton, once again the very able deputy chairman, was looking most attractive in beaded pink satin, accompanied by her husband Mr. Charles Norton, this year's President of the Law Society. They had a party of seventeen.

The two vice-chairmen, Mrs. Andrew Gibson-Watt and Mrs. Charles Hambro, were both present with parties as was Ierne, Lady Moynihan, chairman of Alexandra Day, who had only returned three days before from India and Burma where she has been for the past six months.

EARL GRANVILLE, the honorary treasurer, was in the chairman's party. Lady Howard de Walden, who has been such a staunch supporter at the committee meetings and worked hard for the success of the ball, was not present on the night; she has, I heard, had one of her daughters seriously ill with pneumonia. There was a giant tombola which had wonderful prizes including a Ransome motor lawn mower. The tombola was arranged in the balcony, where there was plenty of room.

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent was at the ball with a party of friends, including Miss Jane Sheffield, who was chairman of the Junior Committee of the event, and her fiancé, Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, Miss Henriette Crawley, pretty in yellow, Miss Louise de Chimay and



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT and the joint chairmen, Mrs. John Ward and Lady Burghley, inspecting the agenda at a committee meeting for the British Olympic Ball to be held on July 12

her fiancé the Marquess of Hertford, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Dawson, the Hon. Diana Herbert and Miss Jean Allday. At a nearby table the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Hennessy had a party including their married daughter Mrs. Timothy Koeh de Gooreynd and her husband, and their daughter Susie.

Mrs. Jessica de Pass, most attractive in a lovely dark green satin dress, brought several young people including Miss Elisabeth Thierry-Mieg, Mr. Martin Price, Miss Tessa Voelcker, Mr. Edward Vandenberg and petite and pretty Miss Bridget Flather whose home is in Johannesburg. She is learning cooking, flower decoration, décor, and many useful subjects at Miss Constance Spry's finishing school at Wingfield.

Miss Nichola Cayzer very gallantly went round the room selling raffle tickets for a delightful white silk tennis dress which she modelled, and a Slazenger's racquet which had

kindly been given and which she carried; she was escorted by Mr. Peregrine Bertie. Miss Rose Lycett Green did the same with a very gay beach suit and coat.

Mr. and Mrs. Brian Rootes had a big party, as did the Mayor of Westminster, Councillor Patrick Stirling (who arrived rather late to join the others as he came on from the R.A. dinner), and Mrs. Stirling who looked charming in blue. I also saw Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor with Col. Brownlow, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey and Lord and Lady Dunboyne.

There was a cabaret and reels which were very popular. Among the many young people dancing them with obvious enjoyment were Miss Frances Sweeny, Miss Annabella Drummond, the Hon. Janet Hamilton, and Miss Camilla Roberts, whom I noticed selling programmes when I arrived. Also Lady Zinnia Denison, Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan and her brother Mr. Jim Macdonald-Buchanan, Miss Jean Evans, Miss Susan Clifford Turner, Mr. Robin Stormonth-Darling, and Miss Caroline York.

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SEEING the pictures at the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition on Private View Day was harder work than ever. Sometimes one got a shock, too, when one managed to get a glimpse! But there are also some interesting and delightful paintings in the show. Going round the very crowded galleries I met Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara (the latter, alas, with no voice), Lady George Scott who told me she had not submitted a picture this year, Lt.-Gen. and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. de Laszlo and Mrs. David Wills, whose exquisite portrait by John Merton, hanging in Gallery One was much admired.

I met Mme. Prebensen and her daughter Evie looking at Maurice Lambert's bronze statue of Dame Margot Fonteyn, as were Mme. de Souza-Leao Gracie, and her daughter Veronica, and Mrs. le Clerq Fowle with Mrs. Edward Slesinger.

Countess Mountbatten was going round the galleries with Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor. Another viewer was the Duchess of Argyll, admiring Annigoni's fine picture of Crichton—she was off to Scotland that evening. Lady Munnings and Lady Kelly, the wives of two former presidents of the R.A., were there, also the Countess of Cranborne, Lady Marks, Mr.



Lady Stamp and Countess Howe



Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier



Mrs. Harold Huth and Miss Angela Huth

Swaebe

Private view day at the 1956 Royal Academy Summer Exhibition

The débutante dress show, held at the Berkeley Hotel in aid of the N.S.P.C.C., delighted a large audience with its display of Jacques Heim's "Jeune Fille" collection. The chairman was Countess Cadogan



The Hon. Joanna Cavendish, Miss Katherine Foster and Lady Sarah Cadogan



Miss Evelyn Service and the Hon. Katherine Palmer, two 1956 débutantes



Miss Jane Allday, Miss Madeleine Drage and Miss Marianne Ford were three of the models

and Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott, Sir Thomas and Lady Butler and their débutante daughter Caroline, Miss Caroline Judd, Lady Douglas-Pennant, and Major Heseltine and his wife Anna Zinkeisen who has a fine picture of Prince Philip in the Exhibition.

Others included Mrs. Kenneth Hollebone, whose daughter Sarah Hollebone has a charming painting of a blue cineraria in Gallery Two (which, incidentally, was sold on Private View Day), Mr. Geoffrey and the Hon. Mrs. Agnew, and Mrs. Knight and her daughter Lady Meyer, who was over from Paris. The latter told me that her husband, Sir Anthony Meyer, who is at our Embassy in Paris, has been posted to Moscow and will take up his appointment in the autumn.

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THE Sadler's Wells Ballet Company put on a wonderful evening of ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to celebrate their twenty-fifth birthday. The programme included an exquisite new work *Birthday Offering*, specially composed by Frederick Ashton for the occasion, and later dedicated to Dame Ninette de Valois. The music is by Alexander Glazounov and the costumes, which are really beautiful, are by the brilliant young French designer André Levasseur, who recently did the superb décor in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo for Prince Rainier and Princess Grace's wedding celebrations.

Birthday Offering was glittering with stars. Outshining all the others was Dame Margot Fonteyn, whose dancing was superb. Then there were the six other leading ballerinas, Beryl Grey, Violetta Elvin, Nadia Nerina, Rowena Jackson, Svetlana Beriosova and Elaine Fifield, who all danced their rôles to perfection. Michael Somes headed the seven male dancers, and after the final curtain, all members of the ballet company and many of the personnel who do so much behind the scenes came on the stage with Frederick Ashton, who had earlier received a tremendous ovation for his new work, and Dame Ninette de Valois, who for many years has been the inspiration of this magnificent British ballet company. She made a charming speech thanking everyone

for their work for the ballet and even the audience for their great enthusiasm!

Frederick Ashton presented Dame Ninette with what looked like a lovely French clock, on behalf of the audience in the top of the house, which was a very charming gesture on their part. Mme. Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, looking lovely in an embroidered evening dress, was accompanied by Viscount Moore. I also saw Lady Keynes, Mrs. John Dewar and Miss Camilla Straight, very attractive in sapphire blue satin.

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As President of the British Olympic Ball, the Duchess of Beaufort made the opening speech at the first committee meeting to arrange the event. This is to take place at Grosvenor House on July 12, and tickets which include dinner are now available from the appeals

secretary, R. G. Hinks, at 16 Conduit Street, W.1. Lord Burghley and Major A. Huskisson, who are joint vice-presidents of the ball, with Lord Luke, both spoke at the meeting. Lord Burghley, in a very forceful address, explained how the target of £75,000 must be raised for Great Britain to send a good representative team to the Olympic Games which take place in Melbourne in November. It is going to cost approximately £550 a head for each representative and on top of that there are boats, yachts and innumerable pieces of equipment to be transported, too.

He went on to say that these games which occur in various parts of the world every four years, do a great deal of good for world peace. Nearly fifty nations compete and it is a chance for athletes and sportsmen of every nationality to get together. This ball is being arranged as one of the events to help the Olympic funds, and it is up to everyone to give their support to make it a tremendous success.

LADY BURGHEY and Mrs. John Ward, the two joint chairmen, are both working indefatigably for the ball. There is no débutante dance arranged for that night, so even if every débutante of this season went with an escort that would sell over seven hundred tickets. Then there are the older girls, not to mention the hundreds of older men and women who are interested in sporting and athletic events.

The Duchess of Norfolk, a great sports-woman herself, gave a great lead to all parents of young people when she changed the date of the coming-out ball for her eldest daughter which had originally been fixed for the 12th, thus leaving the evening free for all their friends to support the Olympic Ball which should prove the biggest success of the season. Lady Burghley's daughter, Mrs. Leigh Pemberton is taking charge of the tombola. A thousand prizes are needed for this so if you cannot go to the ball do send a prize—the bigger the better—to Mr. Hinks at the same address as you apply for the tickets.

Those at this meeting included Gen. Sir Frederick Browning, who is on the committee, Sir John and Lady Child, Lady Wakefield, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Sir Charles Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. William Miller.



Miss Anna Massey drew the raffle tickets at the débutante dress show and the Duchess of Bedford, president of the show, presented the prizes

KENT'S OWN SQUADRON IS 25

NO. 500 (County of Kent) R.Aux.A.F. Squadron held its annual ball at the Tudor House, Bearsted, recently. It was a doubly festive event as this famous squadron was also celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary, and several hundred guests and members watched Air Vice-Marshall V. S. Bowling cut the candlelit birthday cake



Van Hallan

Sub./Lt. T. V. Harding, Mrs. J. P. Talbot, Mrs. A. Haythornthwaite and F/O. P. F. Hobbs

Mrs. Vaughan-Hughes, Cdr. D. M. Vaughan-Hughes, R.N., and Mrs. David Timmins



Air Vice-Marshall V. S. Bowling, Mrs. V. S. Bowling, S/Ldr. D. H. M. Chandler and Miss D. S. Knight



W/Cdr. T. L. Bingham-Hall, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Mrs. Bingham-Hall



S/Ldr. R. D. Phillips and his daughter Miss Anne Phillips



A. V. Swaabe

A DANCE AT WOOKEY HOLE

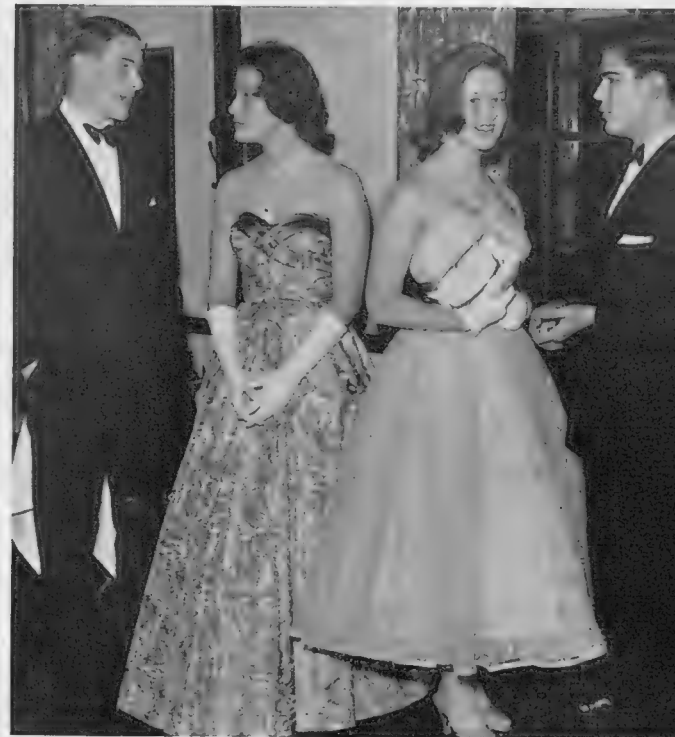
W/CDR. and Mrs. G. W. Hodgkinson gave a very successful coming out dance for their daughter, Sheila, at their home, Wookey Hole, Wells, in Somerset. Two hundred guests danced in an annexe of the house which was bedecked with spring flowers. Many of the young people explored the famous Wookey Hole caves during the evening. Above: W/Cdr. and Mrs. G. W. Hodgkinson with their daughter

Miss Lesley Stephenson and Mr. Anthony Bullen

Miss Pat Lalonde and Mr. John Akerman



Lady Wills, Sir John Wills and Miss Annabella Drummond



Mr. T. Trounson, Miss J. Backhouse, Miss Isobel Mitchell and Mr. J. Urquito



Mr. Aldred Drummond, Miss Alison Bradford and Miss Belinda Pascoe



A SHORT GUIDE TO THE LIVING MUSEUM



PETER USTINOV, who writes this article on the stage trends of today, is the theatrical prodigy of our generation. His latest play, "Romanov and Juliet," in which he is seen (left) in the character of the General, comes to the Piccadilly Theatre tomorrow. The rehearsal sketches are by Mary Gernal

EMBARKING on a theatrical venture these days is a little like visiting a museum. There is so much that is new in the world, so many new media of entertainment; the cinema sends hordes of yelling Iroquois galloping into our laps; the probing eye of the TV camera has Cabinet ministers gripping and stuttering in our very drawing-rooms. All seems rushed and fragmentary, nothing must last too long, young men and women fall in love in a matter of seconds on the multicoloured screen, Borodin's over in ten minutes, Napoleon's deposed in a quarter of an hour, and as soon as the members of the Government begin to pall, there's Davy Crockett or a ladies' basketball team waiting to fill the breach.

Now enter an empty theatre. You will notice a slightly melancholy atmosphere, charged with tarnished splendour. The backs of the seats are pale in the centre, darker round the edges. Fashions have changed, but the pressure of the human body in repose remains constant. Many of the original occupants of those seats must be dead, but the nymphs and dryads supporting the proscenium seem to enjoy eternal, if somewhat dusty, youth. Even so, theirs is a beauty of another age, as harmoniously proportioned as the pin-ups are full of surprises, as coolly Grecian as the starlets are grimly pouting.

THE theatre is a place where there can be few tricks of time, and where both artist and craftsman boldly invite comparison with a noble past. The audience have to be held entranced by means which may have seemed complicated once, but which now seem painfully simple. The theatre's fiancés must rely on the verity of their emotions to move you. They cannot call on a symphony orchestra composed almost entirely of violins to drop a heavy hint that this is the bit in which the producing company is counting on your tears. The harrowed face looking out of a window on to an illuminated backcloth must convey the nature of the menace without the assistance of a quick flash of a town-eating sponge from outer space fretting on the pavement.

"Once more into the breach, dear friends," shouted King Hal, but his listeners were not the divisions commanded so brilliantly by Sir Laurence on a memorable Technicolor occasion, they were the handful of men and a boy who constituted a regular company in Shakespearian times. Of course, it needed the genius of the Bard to create not only a battle but two distinct foreign policies with such slender means, but his example is still one to emulate, because the theatre's future is deeply embedded in the past.

IN Jacobean days it told a story as nobody could tell it by merely reading aloud from a book. Today its chance of survival is still dependent on its ability to hold an audience in a manner denied to the movies and TV. Because of this, it has been held by learned men, and illustrated by poets, that the theatre is returning to an appreciation of "The Word." The trend is away from naturalism, as naturalism is legitimately the province of the films. Undue naturalism on the stage only serves to make the audience conscious of the frailty of the décor and the falseness of the lighting (a man lights a candle and the room is bathed in a rich, even glow).

The dangers of an undue obsession with the "word," however, is that the value of the "sentence" is sometimes forgotten. The English language lends itself voluntarily to the poetic distortion. Difficult poetry is perhaps easier to write in English than easy poetry, and the frontier between elevated mysticism and



Baron

nonsense is often perilously vague. Also authors, obsessed with the purity of their own thought, sometimes forget that actors are instruments with eloquence in their several ranges, but with the limitations of all instruments.

Nothing is more exasperating than to watch an actor struggling with material which is written as drama, although conceived as a release of purely abstract poetic acumen. The wretched actor, defeated from the outset, invariably takes refuge in a kind of professional solemnity which is always in reserve to cope with moments when sense proves elusive.

The audience rarely allows us to forget, however, that the roots of the English drama are in the fairground, and that its repute was for many centuries ill-repute. In Scandinavia and in Germany you will see audiences content to sit in a silence scarcely disturbed by breathing while Strindberg's low opinion of women is made painfully clear—in France the public will be more than happy to indulge in love's wine-tasting with Marivaux, delighted as the elegant equations work out the tidy sum of human relations. These Continental theatregoers start the evening quietly, and only begin to fidget if things go wrong. Our own public tends to begin by fidgeting, and calms down if things go right.

IT is interesting to see how many of our young actors and actresses skilfully divide their time between the movies and TV on one hand and the theatre on the other. This seems to me indicative of these young players' quality, since it is not merely a sense of integrity which keeps them in touch with their earliest battlefield, not just a hangover of student earnestness. They feel that there are moments an actor can enjoy in the living theatre which are denied him in other media. An electric pause on the screen is deferred; on TV it is experienced out of earshot. Only in the theatre does it generate its voltage at first hand, only in

the theatre can the climate of the public be judged and catered for on the spot.

Yes, the theatre is a museum, but the exhibits are living things. It is natural that the overpowering presence of actors like Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir John Gielgud and actresses like Dame Edith Evans should excite not only admiration but also ambition. Their ambition was equally stimulated by the majestic presences who dominated the theatre in the days when they themselves were beginning. And so it goes on, an unbroken line of admiration and determination, back to the days of Betterton and beyond.

UNFORTUNATELY the tradition of dramatic authorship is far less constant, and paradoxically it did the British theatre inestimable harm that Shakespeare flowered so early in his profession's life. His presence, however glorious, is as inhibiting as it would be to athletes if irrefutable evidence came to light which proved conclusively that Sir Francis Drake did a three minute mile on Plymouth Hoe.

Nevertheless, supplied with an incredible glut of fine young performers, the writer is slowly freeing himself from the shackles of pallid naturalism, which had become cramping in their old age, and is giving the actor fewer cigarettes to light, fewer drinks to pour, and more to act. The theatre should be a place of exhilaration and joy to others beside the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who can certainly never be accused of gambling in our profession, as he is the only interested party who *never* loses.

A healthy theatre is evidence of a healthy democracy, and without wishing to lend it an importance which it does not claim, a free theatrical exchange can do more good than all the baby-patting of B. and K. and the gaffes of our own Parliamentarians.

There's life in the old museum yet!



Miss Margaret Little and Mr. John Brackley were among the many guests



Welcome to spring

PRINCESS MARIE-LOUISE was present at the very colourful Spring Ball given at the May Fair Hotel in aid of the British Asthma Association. Above: Capt. Sir Weldon Dalrymple - Champneys, Lady Dalrymple - Champneys, Chairman of the Committee, and Captain Campbell McCallum, M.C.



Miss Sue Estcourt was here with Mr. Grainger Muir



Mrs. Jack Steinberg and Col. E. Remington Hobbs

Mr. Peter Leslie, Miss J. Bodley Scott, Mr. R. Simon and Miss Anne Constantine



Sir Horace and Lady Evans with their daughter Miss Jean Evans



Van Hallan
Miss Hilary Lindsay dancing with Mr. Alastair Ford-Young

Mr. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd, Mrs. David Rutland and Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd



Miss Penelope Keens and Mr. Anthony Coleridge



H.R.H. the Duke of Kent and Miss Caroline York



Lord O'Neill, Miss Jane Sheffield, Miss Ann Doughty-Tichborne and Mr. Jocelyn Stevens



Mr. Mark Brocklehurst and Miss Emma Tennant



Miss Patricia Barker and Mr. Fairfax Dunn



*A. V. Swaabe
Viscount Chelsea, Lady Sarah Cadogan and Miss Frances Sweeny*

BALL OF THE ROSES

THE Rose Ball in aid of Alexandra Day was held at the Grosvenor House. A large number of guests, including the Duke of Kent, enjoyed this successful event of the London season

Sir Danvers and Lady Osborn, who was the ball chairman





"This room's a sort of catch-all"

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

SATIRE is the most dominant single theme at this year's Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, and I am thinking not only of Sir Alfred Munnings's acid little picture of Sir John Rothenstein and others (how on earth did the critic of *The Times* come to call it "high spirited but good natured"?).

Richard Eurich is at least as cross in his cruel picture of "The Critics," and then there is half the academician's permitted half-dozen of Ruskin Spear's—the *nouveaux riches* and their motor car in "Success Story," the after-dinner bore in "Unaccustomed As I Am . . .", the stiffly underbred couple in "Marriage à la Mode," pictured so unsympathetically.

I am all for artists—in whatever medium

—getting rid of their spleen in words, on the stage, in paint or in marble, but I am not sure that I could live with any of these works.

Largely, I think, because of their size. Perhaps it is the newspaper cartoon and the satirical weekly that have accustomed us to the idea, but I have the feeling—and I am sure others share it—that comments on life of this kind should be restricted to about the size of a picture postcard.

Talking of picture postcards reminds me of the portrait of Dame Margot Fonteyn by Annigoni—the only kindly critical word for it that I could find being in the daily paper that happens to be serializing the painter's life-story, and even there it is

Annigoni's friend and biographer who describes the painting, with the brief simplicity of one who writes for posterity, as "a masterpiece."

A COLLECTION of descriptions from other papers of the same painting would provide a liberal education—ranging, as they do, from the *Manchester Guardian's* scholarly "very deficient in unity," by way of *The Times's* "air of flimsy unreality" and the *Observer's* "fussy waxwork," to the *Evening Standard's* wholesale, "pompous, pretentious and unspontaneous . . ." and its quotation about eyes looking like oysters in a soup tureen. My friend John Russell adopted evasive tactics in the *Sunday Times* by commenting briefly that the great

dancer was portrayed "in a meritorious teagown," (identified by some enthusiasts as Panamanian national costume.)

I cannot recall a painting at any previous Academy exhibition receiving quite such a broadside.

IT was amusing to contrast the two exhibitions that opened in the same first week in May—the accomplished professionalism, however variously manifested, of the Royal Academy, with the enchanting amateurishness—generally speaking, anyway—of the open air exhibition on the Victoria Embankment that is becoming, thanks to the L.C.C., an annual feature of Thames-side life.

Do you consider the Academy all too academic? Then you should have seen the thatched cottages, the full-rigged ships and the dear little doggies on the Embankment. Do you resent and resist, as Sir Alfred Munnings does, its infiltration by younger painters of a more contemporary school? Then you ought to have seen how far the Embankment's abstractionist can go, somehow managing to slosh dirty colours into geometrical shapes with a palette-knife.

ONE rather appealing thing about the *al fresco* academy on the riverside was the enormous number of paintings by these English and, I suppose, on the whole, not dazzlingly successful artists, of the church of Sacré-Coeur in Paris. There, bless them, is where their heart is if not their art: Montmartre.

The other thing I liked about it was that here, unlike Burlington House, you can find the artists themselves, in the flesh, sitting on the garden benches with their sandwiches and their vacuum flasks of tea or coffee, ready to sell you their pictures and tell you about the price of canvas and paint and brushes. It would give quite a flavour to the Royal Academy if you found each painter on a little stool by his exhibit—this one with a ladylike cup of tea; that one with strong, black, and bitter coffee; Signor Annigoni with a *fiasco* of *vino*, of course; and Ruskin Spear with a bottle of pure malt vinegar.

MY last comment on Burlington House is sartorial: is the daytime *grande tenue* of the English male doomed to disappear? On Private View day there was hardly a top hat or a morning coat to be seen.

It isn't a matter of poverty or, as it was ten years ago, of not having the clothing coupons: there were men here who, for a wedding or for Lord's, would still find sponge-bag trousers, lavender waistcoats and the rest. The deliberate sartorial stylishness at Burlington House the other day—and some of it was very deliberate indeed, not to say self-conscious—expressed itself in bowler hats, dark-grey lounge suits and a general air still, in spite of the Teddy boys, of the Edwardian. Why, one most elegant young man was wearing buttoned boots! Save that the Edwardians would never have worn bowler hats and lounge suits for the Royal Academy's Private View.

My own guess is that the disappearance of valets, a wish for comfort, and the



MR. GERARD D'ERLANGER, C.B.E., the newly appointed part-time chairman of B.O.A.C., in succession to Sir Miles Thomas, is forty-nine. He has combined with great success a career in aviation and the City, and came to his new appointment from the Air Transport Advisory Council, of which he was deputy chairman. He founded the Air Transport Auxiliary and was its commanding officer from 1939-45. Educated at Eton, he began his career as a chartered accountant, and as a member of the Stock Exchange. He is married, with a son and two daughters, and is a keen yachtsman

WITH DEEP REGRET we have to announce the death of The TATLER's oldest contributor, "Sabretache" (Albert Stewart Barrow) which took place after a long illness at the Mayday Hospital, Croydon, on May 6. Mr. Barrow, who was in his ninetieth year, had written a weekly article for this journal since 1915, and in this span of more than forty years his enthusiasm and expertise on hunting, racing, polo, and indeed everything to do with the horse, never dimmed, nor did advanced age and illness affect his determination to keep faith with his readers—his last article appears on page 378.

He had a truly vast experience to draw upon having hunted, since childhood, with more than eighty packs. It was in India, where he served for more than twenty years with the Calcutta Light Horse, that he became known as a writer, and he accompanied the mission to Tibet in 1903-04 for the "Daily Mail." In 1916 he went to the Grand Fleet after Jutland as Indian representative with the Empire journalists. He also wrote several books, including "Stand To Your Horses," "A Gentleman and His Hounds" and more recently, "Monarchy and the Chase," which have taken their place as authoritative works on hunting. Through these as well as through the reputation he built up for so many years as a contributor to The TATLER, he will be long remembered

necessity of fitting in social engagements that fall during the day with the demands of business—all are driving out the top hat and the morning coat. These were the clothes of men who had nothing else to do but fulfil the obligations of the London season, and hardly any such survive.

I find it difficult to shed a tear, and I shall be happy when the last stronghold falls to the advancing demands of the modern age. A hot afternoon at Lord's would be all the more tolerable in a lightweight suit and a Panama.

★ ★ ★

SPEAKING of Edwardians and of pictures reminds me of a story that delighted me the other day, of an old gentleman who celebrated his ninetieth birthday by gathering around him his bachelor and widowed old friends—being a widower himself—for a masculine evening at his home.

After dinner they drank port in the drawing-room, the host facing the portrait of his late wife—by Sargent, I shouldn't wonder—that hung in the place of honour. At last a friend noticed that the old boy's eyes, fixed intently on the portrait, were filling with unshed tears; he put a hand gently on his host's arm and said, with the affection and the frankness of old friendship, "My dear fellow, how I feel for you! But she is happier now, and at peace, and you must look back on those wonderful fifty years of married life that I know were so happy for you both."

And his host answered, "Dammit, I can't remember her name!"

★ ★ ★

LONDON TRANSPORT's lost property office reports that Londoners are becoming less careless—the things we left behind in trains and buses are fewer this year than half a million. Lost umbrellas, for instance, are down by as much as ten per cent.

We still leave behind, though, the oddest things. I remember a visit to that fascinating Aladdin's cave in Baker Street and being told about bottles of gin, boxes of chocolates, ball-cocks and an empty barrel—how *could* one forget a barrel?—and a bundle of corner flags from some forgotten football field.

There has to be a special section for Bibles, missals, prayer books and hymnals, and whereas the attendant thought it odder than I did that a mother can leave a bus carrying a baby and forget that up to the moment of getting on the bus it had been in a pram, he dismissed completely my own suggestion that it seemed an extraordinary thing that people could lose their false teeth. "Not at all," he said, "Not at all. They feel a bit uncomfortable, you take 'em out and wrap 'em up in your handkerchief, and then you sneeze. Out comes your handkerchief whilst your head's down and your eyes are closed, and you don't realize that your teeth have come out with the handkerchief, and are under the opposite seat."

No, it still seems a bit odd to me.

A GALITZINE HEIR

PRINCESS Yurka Galitzine with her small son, Gregoriy, who was born in July last year and whose christening took place recently. Prince and Princess Galitzine have a London house in Egerton Gardens



Priscilla in Paris

REMEDIES FOR L'HEURE BLEU

THERE are too many clouds in the skies of *la belle France* just now. Clouds that have little to do with the weather. Too many free fights are the culminating—but unconvincing—argument of certain political discussions. Too many police cars add their gloomy shadows to the heavy traffic of Paris or are lurking down the side streets near those places known as the “neuralgic points” of the city, and too many big private parties are being cancelled because of the North African troubles.

Not, of course, that casual visitors will notice this, and the Gala night at the Grand Opera House, given in honour of President Gronchi during his short stay, boasted all the usual amenities. The flood-lit building, the *Garde Républicaine*—horse and foot—on duty in its best white pants, the massed gapers behind the barriers to watch the *beau-monde* arrive, the plants-in-pots, the lovelies in Diors and their escorts ablaze with coruscant decorations.

A STATELY presentation of the entire *corps de ballet* opened the programme. A ceremony that always thrills me. The immense stage is thrown open to its utmost depth and, dimmed by distance, one perceives the lighted foyer, the dull gold of its décor, the dark pools of its immense mirrors. . . . Advancing slowly in wide-spaced ranks the dancers, wearing the white, bouffant, tulle skirts of the classic “tutu,” come down to the footlights, make deep obeisance and, breaking off to the right and left, retire upstage. First the tiny children, the *petits rats* of the *école de danse* and then, row after row, they are followed by all the hierarchy of the ballet.

There is only one thing that I regret and that is the fact that the presentation does not now end with the solitary figure of one great *ballerina assoluta*. The Paris Opera House can present six *danseuses étoile*. I have always had a weakness for one spangled fairy a-top the Christmas tree.

As usual at the “Ambassadeurs” this week, the tenth annual charity gala of Beauties and Beasts took place. The beasts were varied, ranging from a cheetah to a wasp! These were truly perilous pets but the beauties who presented them vowed that the wasp had been trained not to sting and that the cheetah was unaccustomed to red meat. Indeed, the very lovely cat who, at first, seemed rather interested by a stage attendant’s silken calves, purred most amiably when he was lured away from their tempting plumpness and presented with the spoonful of honey that had been provided for the wasp. Meanwhile the wasp, overcome alas by the cold of that icy, spring afternoon, rolled itself into a tight little ball, neatly folded its arms and legs over its striped body . . . and expired!

RAPTUROUS “Ohs” and “Ahs” greeted the Marquise de Breteuil’s miniature lapdog Eros, while gentle, polite, but somewhat superior smiles were reserved for the comtesse Gloria de Horn who wore a dark blue two-piece, an immense, white, band-box-lid of a hat, and white gauntlet gloves, and carried a small black poodle in her arms.

Society and the stage were represented on the jury by the duc de Maillé, the comte d’Herbement, Luis Mariano and Jean Marchat.

Murmured by one lovely to another one often hears the remark: “She is not pretty, but she is so intelligent.” I am not sure whether it should be taken as a compliment or not; I also wonder exactly how the darlings assess intelligence. . . .

Since reading M. Félix de Grand’Combe’s entertaining and informative book *La Superstition* (J. Oliven, Paris) I have come to the conclusion that *not* to be superstitious is one of the hallmarks of that quality. This knowledge places me in the humiliating position of having to negotiate the Caudine Forks, for while I agree with M. de Grand’Combe (who in private life is Professor Boillot, late of the Bristol University), I must confess to one idiotic



exception: I simply cannot help throwing something at the cat when it washes behind the ears on the eve of a picnic. Whatever Félix de Grand’Combe writes on practically any subject under the sun, his erudition is tempered with dry but kindly humour.

AN amusing production is filling the Vieux Colombier with delighted spectators every evening in spite of the fact that the “Old Dove-cot” is quite one of the most uncomfortable theatres in Paris. *The Unconsoleables*, or *A School For Widows* is the Molièresque title that says what it means. The term “unconsoleable” is ironic and although the various sketches that compose the programme are of somewhat macabre humour they are vastly entertaining.

Geneviève Brabant opens the proceedings by singing that gem of a song “La Jeune Veuve”—inspired by a fable by La Fontaine—with extreme finesse and puts us in a most receptive mood. The Young Widows appear in various guises through the ages from a Grecian Lovely (the Greeks had a word for them) to a Marie-Chantal. Extracts from forgotten plays and stories by Maupassant, Becque, Chekhov, modernized by Jean Cocteau, Georges Fourest and Maynard are enchantingly played by a young company presented by Eliance Charles. But I do wish the seats were a little bit more comfortable!

Mieux que la vérité

● It was Jules Renard who said: “She does not lie, she invents!”



Capt. the Hon. William Crossley, Miss Antonia Edmonstone and Miss Susan Clifford Turner

Lord Edward FitzRoy Weds

A RECEPTION was held at Londonderry House after the wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, of Capt. Lord Edward FitzRoy, younger son of the Duke of Grafton, and Miss Veronica Mary Rutledge, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. R. F. Rutledge of Cloonee, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo, Ireland



The bride and bridegroom cutting the cake

A. V. Swaebe

Miss Sara Gore and the Hon. Martin Browne

Miss Dilys Radford and Capt. Alastair Aird



The Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Lord and Lady Brocket, Miss F. Myddelton

The Duke of Grafton, Major R. F. Rutledge and Mrs. Rutledge



William Hicks, Philip Mackenzie, Oliver Musker, and Lady Henrietta FitzRoy

POLO AT COWDRAY

THE polo season opened at Cowdray Park this year in hot sunshine, and a large attendance saw Cowdray Park beat Polo Cottage in the first game, while the Ancient Mariners were beaten by Ratanada in the semi-final of the Tyro Cup. The high standard of play augurs well for the British players in the international matches later in the season



The semi-final of the Tyro Cup in progress on the River Ground



Cdr. R. E. F. De Pass



*Mrs. W. H. D. Riley-Smith and
Miss Dominie Riley-Smith*



*Miss Jenifer Le Grice and Mrs. A.
Freeman Young*



*Miss Elizabeth Umney in company with
Miss Sally Coghlan*

Desmond O'N



Mrs. A. J. Craig Harvey, Viscountess Cowdray, Viscount Cowdray, Mr. A. J. Craig Harvey and Mr. J. Lakin



Mrs. J. Benitz, Miss C. Pearson, Miss C. Welch and Lord Brecknock



Mr. A. J. Craig Harvey with Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Ratanada captain



Lady Neville with her daughter, Miss Emma Neville

The Hon. Mrs. John Lakin and Lt.-Col. P. W. Dollar



Caroline and Alexander Harper with their father's groom



At the Theatre

LAUGHTER UNLIMITED

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

IF we want to laugh as our hearty grandfathers laughed, and at the same thing, the Winter Garden Theatre is the place to go. Here a team of accomplished actors, led by Mr. Alec Guinness, joyously jettison their dignity, but not their accomplishment, in a real old "What a night!" farce of the Parisian nineties. A period piece; but a genuine revival. Georges Feydeau's *Hotel Paradiso* is not treated with painstaking patronage as a quaint specimen of the sort of thing that went out more or less with the first war. It is put over as though it were up-to-the-moment contemporary work, the latest boulevard import.

With two results. We discover that with proper encouragement we can laugh as uninhibitedly as any hearty old grandfather at happenings in a shady hotel, where fate has doomed nearly all the characters to keep a midnight rendezvous. And we can hardly miss the impression that modern farce writers have gone sadly astray in trying to live from quip instead of concentrating on the central situation. Feydeau's first act is amusing enough in its lightly impudent way, but its purpose is simply, almost frankly to arrange that all the parties concerned shall surprisingly meet some hours later at the hotel whose advertisements proclaim it to be a philanderers' paradise, "seasonal bookings invited." Each party is a neatly shaped cog in the clockwork mechanism.

Mr. Guinness is the wife-dominated little man obsessed with the desire to show the world his mettle as a great lover. He is ever on the point of telling us all about his ambitions in soliloquy, and for ever the action is cutting his soliloquy short.

MISS MARTITA HUNT is the dreadful wife, a sort of non-U Lady Bracknell. Miss Irene Worth is the dissatisfied wife who wants nothing better than to fall into the arms of a great lover. Mr. Frank Pettingell is her pompous husband with a beard as impressive as his stance. One of his professional sidelines is to ascertain whether rooms said to be haunted are not in fact suffering from defective water tanks.

Mr. Douglas Byng is one of those asses who, being asked to come and stay when he is next up from the country, duly arrives with four daughters and their portmanteaux. Mr. Kenneth Williams is a studious youth whose subject, Spinoza on Passion, attracts the interest of the parlour-maid.

So to the central situation, to the big joke of all these people scampering in and out of bedrooms in the Hotel Paradiso. The wonderful thing is that once this joke has got going it needs only



the lightest shaking to uncover more and more facets and to set us laughing at anything and everything. Cigars and champagne reduce the great lover to a sad state of queasiness and while he is trying doggedly to resume his love-making a shock-headed porter boring a peephole into the bedroom bores through Mr. Guinness.

ANALYSING the comic is a grim business, and I can only say that this episode is immensely funny without attempting to explain why. Nor can I say why it should be funny that Miss Worth with her startled "Heavens, my husband" defies recognition by jamming a top hat down over her chin; why the four nightgowned daughters mistaken by the pompous sanitary inspector for ghosts should also be funny; or why Mr. Guinness emerging from a sooty chimney with a blackened face should be even funnier.

Yet funny these things certainly are (try them out for yourselves, I beg), and one can only recover a little critical self-respect by drawing attention to the technical dexterity with which the actors solicit the audience's complicity in the slapstick and the general hue and cry, and to Feydeau's wonderfully neat adjustment of means to end.

There is hardly a chance remark that does not contribute sooner or later something valuable to the confusion. Nor are the terrible consequences of the central situation a let down. The farce keeps hold of us to the end.



"HOTEL PARADISO" (Winter Garden Theatre). Above: Marcelle (Irene Worth), a neglected wife, is more than appreciative of the amorous advances of henpecked husband, and would-be Romeo, Boniface (Alec Guinness). Left: Cot (Frank Pettingell), a Sanitary Inspector in search of ghosts, Martin (Douglas Byng), a stutteringly distraught father of four daughters, Maxime (Kenneth Williams), who is studiously engaged with passion in literature, and the Police Inspector (John Salew), a Nemesis in the shape of the law



MISS DAY'S NEW RÔLE

GOLDEN voiced heroine of so many musicals, Doris Day breaks new ground in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, Alfred Hitchcock's re-make of his famous thriller, in which she plays opposite James Stewart. The film, which is set partly in Marrakesh, French Morocco, opens at the Plaza in June

THE FIRST CLASSIC

THE Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket was won by Mr. A. G. Samuel's Gilles de Retz, with F. Barlow up, from Mrs. E. Foster's Chantel-sey and Buisson Ardent, owned by the Aga Khan. The horses are seen passing the post. The winner started at odds of fifty to one



At the Races

OLD ROWLEY'S CHANGING MILE

A GOOD many people have had a bit to do just lately with this historic gallop at Newmarket, but perhaps not so many know that it has not always been the one mile clear it became early in the century. When it was first named after Charles II's famous hack, "Old Rowley," it was one mile one yard, and this distance carried on until 1853, when it was lengthened to one mile seventeen yards, and so it stood until 1888, when it was shortened to one mile eleven yards. Thus it continued to the 1900s when it was again changed to the one mile clear, which it has since remained, and, so far as can be predicted, is likely so to do.

It is, incidentally, by no means a flat mile, for there is that "dip" about two furlongs from the winning post, which has often put paid to the pretensions of any animals not built to gallop downhill, those that are straight in front with what have been called "steep"

shoulders. It is not a very sharp declivity, and until you make a close inspection you wonder why it should unbalance anything; but I suggest that anyone who is curious should stand at the winning post and look down this course and he will then cease to wonder any more why it upsets some horses who are not built to deal with such a thing. It is, indeed, quite a hill.

CERTAIN people say that the Guineas has no bearing upon the Derby, which is very largely true as regards distance, but it can be said that if a horse cannot compete with such a mild descent as this, it is pretty certain that the Derby course at Epsom will bother him. Some four-footed things are just incapable of going downhill and some two-footed ones are quite as bad. Try walking down any kind of mountain, preferably a real one, and I feel sure that you will find that it puts more strain on your knee joints than climbing up. Long-legged men, as a rule, are not half as

Sabretache

good at coming down a hill as are the short-legged ones. Take those little Gurkhas as an instance. Hills don't bother them as anyone will realize who has seen a thing called a *khud* (precipice) race.

The figures which I have quoted above about the length of the Rowley mile were given to me some years ago by Mr. Cecil W. Marriot, the resident representative of the Jockey Club at Newmarket, so can be taken as official, and I think we can presume that when this famous course was first used it was roughly a mile long.

THE first and only king of England ever to ride and win a race, or properly speaking a match, at Newmarket was Charles II. According to the history books he rode very well and was taught by William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. It is said that this king was able to ride a pretty rough horse, and could sit one over a fence, which is more than some other people have ever learnt to do.

Charles, like all the Stuarts, was very fond of Newmarket. His Court was even merrier there than it was elsewhere, and the names of his lady friends were legion, Nell Gwyn amongst them. Everyone was determined to go mad to offset the previous austerity, when a horse race was rated "an insurrection." Putting it mildly Charles II certainly saw to it that Newmarket was not dull.

Some of the racegoers who were enjoying the spring meeting at Epsom

The Duchess of Norfolk, Mr. J. Clayton and Major-Gen. Sir R. Feilden



The Hon. Robin Cayzer, son of Lord Rotherwick, and Mrs. Cayzer



Capt. J. D. Moore with Mrs. I. D. Greenwell and Mrs. R. P. Phillips



Van Hallam



Mrs. Henry Reeves and Mrs. Rex King

Kildare races at Punchestown

THE Kildare hunt, one of Eire's most famous packs, held their steeplechases at Punchestown. The three mile Punchestown Cup was won by Highland Trout, owned by Mr. D. O'Hagan

Photographs by C. C. Fennell



Mr. B. Cox riding Highland Trout



Mrs. Charles Tighe, Lady Hodson and Mrs. Schenvert



*Lady Donoughmore, Mrs. Michael Beaumont
and H.E. President S. T. O'Kelly*

Captain Patrick Mansfield, Miss Sara Pallant and Mrs. Arnold Pallant



*Viscount Powerscourt talking to Mrs.
Norman Watchman from Co. Meath*



*Miss Sheila McNamara, the noted
bloodstock breeder, and Mr. John Wylie*



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

THE RESPECTABLE AT BAY

VAST Victorian villas, each in its garden, cluster round many a British city. More than castle or country house, they seem things of the past—for what past is more remote than a vanished yesterday? And what, in most cases, is these dwellings' fate? Answer: uncomfortable subdivision—into flats or flatlets. Here's a gift to the novelist; and David Unwin, in *A VIEW OF THE HEATH* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), has realized the possibilities to the full.

Mr. Unwin blazed into fame with his first novel, *The Governor's Wife*—which, as you will remember, dealt with clashes: intermixed clashes of race and temperament. The scene was African. This time he has come home, to a Britain no less beset by problems—domestic, politely muffled, but still tense. In *A View Of The Heath* we have, once more, clashes. Indeed, were subtitles (for fiction) still in fashion, one might proffer "The Perils Of Propinquity. . . ." "We had no intention of living in a tenement house," says Alice Moon, wife of an ex-colonial administrator, confiding across a tea-table to an old friend. The tenement house in question is of the derelict villa type referred to—the sole redeeming amenity, in the Moons' eyes, is an outlook, through garden trees, on to the delightful rustic vistas of Hampstead Heath.

As to quarters, the Moons are not badly placed; theirs are the living-room and best bedroom floors. But alas, the staircase, the entrance hall and, worst of all, the garden, are in common, and, above and below them, their fellow tenants are far from being what one might wish. Intimate washing on clothes lines flaps in the Hampstead gale in full view of Mrs. Moon's drawing-room window; littered toys and unspeakable bicycles are everywhere; children are hilariously at play.

In the attic dwells an unsuccessful artist, with an only too pretty, young and frustrated wife; in the basement a displaced person, his family and his working-class spouse.

MR. UNWIN has dealt fairly by the Moons; one cannot help seeing their predicament—they are at bay, rather than blindly snobbish. Could their policy of ignoring the Daglieshes (above) and the Peters (below) have been maintained, heart-burnings might have been avoided. Fate, abetted by Mr. Unwin, decrees otherwise—Hugo Moon, sent out to remonstrate with Joanna Dagliesh about the washing, becomes amorously involved with her; and, as though that were not enough, an accident—the fall of a window-cleaner from a high window—draws all three sets of tenants together: they cannot part.

The shabby, down-in-the-world divided house is not merely the scene of a drama, it is the cause of it. The knitting together of inappropriate personages, their mistrusts of and their reactions to one another, has been managed by the author extremely skilfully. The action of the story runs from spring until midwinter. Within this time far more develops, much more happens, than any reviewer should reveal. The curious, appre-

hensive, confused atmosphere is throughout effectively conjured up. *A View Of The Heath* should lose for Mr. David Unwin none of the ground gained by his first success.

* * *

NEVIL SHUTE's reputation is so firmly, and honourably, established that he *can* afford, sometimes, not to excel himself. *BEYOND THE BLACK STUMP* (Heinemann, 15s.) is decidedly one of his lesser works. Scene, once again, Australia—that is, the outback, beheld through the eyes (chiefly) of an American. Stanton Laird, an engineer rendered blameless by severe fright caused by a youthful scandal, arrives in the region to drill for oil; the U.S.A. Topex Company's expedition is reinforced by an ice cream freezing plant and outsize consignments of magazines, colourful as they are glossy. These commodities impress Mollie Regan, Irish-Australian redhead, daughter and main hostess of an establishment known not unfairly as the Lunatic Ranch.

The senior Regans' *patois* does not pass muster: seldom in fiction for years have I come across more shocking examples of "stage Irish." I hope the Australian, as spoken, is nearer the mark—like many more of us, I have no means of checking. Stan, a big sip if ever there was one, prefixes most of his statements with "You know what?" He hails from the state of Oregon—which has produced, to my knowledge, less bashful sons. The second part of *Beyond The Black Stump* is set in Stan's home-town. Hazel, Oregon—Mollie, contemplating a marriage, wisely opts for taking a look round first: so, we have domestic America seen through Australian eyes.

Mr. Shute rather suffers, on this occasion, from a wish to be fair to everyone. England, I ought to tell you, is represented by the not less blameless, long-suffering David Cope, who combines the reading of modern poetry with a struggle to promote sheep on waterless land. The idea of *Beyond The Black Stump* is excellent, but it somehow does not come off: we are left, alas, with a somewhat pallid romance.

* * *

NOBLESSE OBLIGE, edited by Nancy Mitford (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.), assembles, I think, every single document involved in the great U versus Non-U controversy. The book, as a whole, is to be defined (in fact, its publishers have defined it) as "An Enquiry Into The Identifiable Characteristics Of The English Aristocracy." As readers will by now know—unless they have been living for the last year or two in a long dream—this is a matter of how you do not speak if you are Upper Class, and how you do speak if you are not. A good deal of ink has been spilt and bad blood exuded: one might ask oneself why this book elects to appear at a moment when most of us would be willing to consider the correspondence closed.

Nonetheless, it may be useful to have *Noblesse Oblige* in the house for reference, or as a curiosity for our great-grandchildren, who will



MISS F. G. GOODALL, C.B.E., S.R.N., Chief Executive Officer of the Royal College of Nursing. A portrait at the Royal Academy by Mr. James Gunn, A.R.A.



MISS KATHLEEN WALPOLE, M.A., since 1948 headmistress of Wycombe Abbey School, which is launching an appeal for £250,000 to preserve its independence



turn upon it a wondering eye. Hardly less dazed, I imagine, can have been the Finns, for whom Professor Alan S. C. Ross wrote "U and non-U." (If I were a Finn, this would have inhibited me from speaking English at all.) Miss Mitford's "The English Aristocracy," written for *Encounter*, and Mr. Evelyn Waugh's commentary letter in the same periodical, are other outstanding features of this volume. "Strix" on "Posh Lingo" and Christopher Sykes on "What U-Future" are other contributors.

One winds up with the deathless Betjeman poem, "Phone For The Fish-Knives, Norman." And—conclusive reason to turn to *Noblesse Oblige*—the illustrations are drawings by Osbert Lancaster.

★ ★ ★

THE MEGSTONE PLOT (Collins, 10s. 6d.) is a Crime Club masterpiece—thriller without a murder. Author, Andrew Garve: his ingenuity has, I think, seldom been better shown. Take a cynical ex-war hero with a ruthless mistress and an inordinate need for ready money—what, today, would be the cunningest means of raising it? The concocted plot, with its fiendish coolness, demonstrates that two heads are better than one. Isobel, wife of the dreary Walter, proves an able Lady Macbeth, when her lover Clive Easton betrays the slightest infirmity of purpose.

Clive, in fact, is at work on a top secret Admiralty project. He is a man who *could* sell his country. How about appearing to sell his country—removing important documents, vanishing (for, as could be later established, innocent reasons), then suing newspapers for defamation of character? Clive and Isobel hatch this bright idea: on the proceeds—astronomic damages for libel to be awarded—they propose to live, loving, together for the rest of their days. How the plan is put through, how and why it slips up, makes enthralling reading. Don't miss *The Megstone Plot*.

★ ★ ★

A HIGH-PITCHED BUZZ, by Roger Longrigg (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.) is an engaging, admirable first novel. Told in the first person, it is about a young man, and its author presumably is one—this can be an offensive or patronizing thing to say, but I would wish the reader, and author, to take it otherwise. Mr. Longrigg's documentation about being young today seems to be (from the outside) both full and faultless. *Could* anyone over thirty know all this? At the same time, many authors have long passed thirty without learning so well how to tell a story.

Our hero, Henry Fenwick, is a man about town—town being the London that now is. He works in an advertising agency, whose personnel furnish half the cast of the novel; he shares a Pont Street flat with a barrister friend called Hugh. His free time presents a number of problems. Indeed he has come to think he might like to marry—"One thing is, it would end all this awful girl business." He can cook, and knows how to choose a cheese. This, though it simplifies relations with Elizabeth, gets him nowhere with predatory Jane.

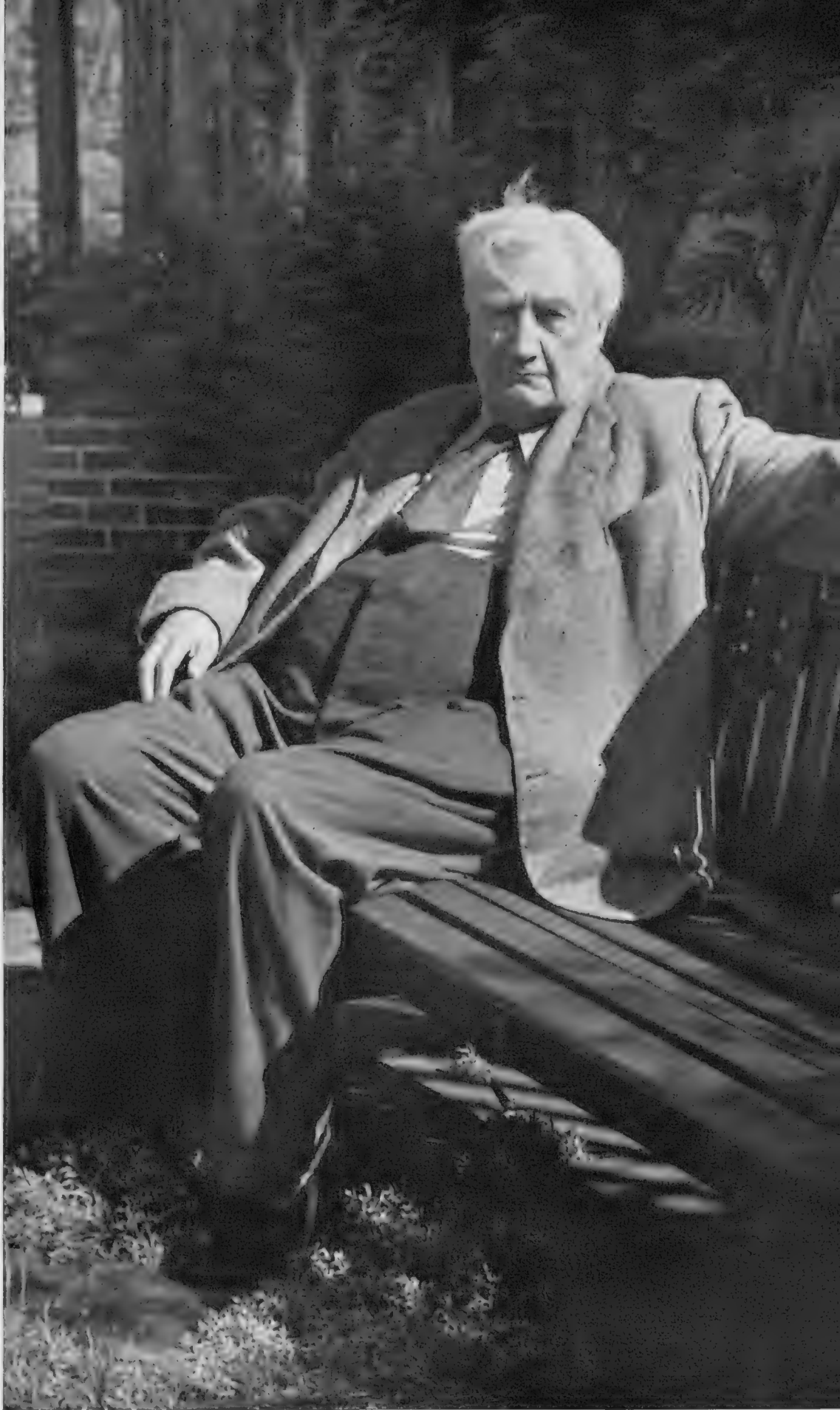
"Let's dine here, Jane, do you think?"

("Here" being Pont Street.)

"Oh no. Outies."

"Must we? I mean, it's so comfortable here. . . ."

Elizabeth and the love dream are beautifully drawn. In fact, what I like about Mr. Longrigg is not only his manner but his manners. *A High-Pitched Buzz* is light, civilized surface comedy, with a played-down heartbreak. There are wonderful pub scenes (not of the usual type) and an Espresso coffee bar plays a memorable part. One way and another, here are the *mœurs* of our day. I recommend this book heartily. Its author, I feel, we shall meet again.



Allan G. Chappelow

A bulwark of British music

DR. RALPH VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS, O.M., has often been called the Grand Old Man of British music, which is a rather misleading statement. He is 84 this year but there is nothing old or worn in his contributions to the world of music. Besides giving traditional songs new and beautiful settings which make us appreciate our heritage, he has by his symphonies and choral works played an important and invigorating part in the music of the century. In 1953 he wrote the *Sinfonia Antartica*, and finished his Eighth Symphony this year



Michel Molinare

CREAMY TWEEDS FROM IRELAND

by
Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez
Fashion Editress

THESE clothes from Sybil Connolly's collection show how cleverly she has used the loosely knit Irish handwoven wool and tweed for soft draping. Both suit and dress are in the natural off-white which is the colour of the season. This page: Creore Carmel handwoven tweed suit with a straight skirt. The jacket, although made to button at the back (left), can be worn reversed (below). 43 gns. at Woollands. Hat from Woollands. Opposite: Woollen dress, inspired by a monk's habit, made in one piece from crossover collar to hem, pleated at the waist, with deep dolman sleeves and button-through back. Mushroom pink suède belt. 65 gns. at Woollands, who also stock the hat





SAILING AND SUNNING

TWO play suits, perfect for beach or yacht, featuring variations on the classic tailored shirts which are so popular. Frederick Starke's casual long lined shirt blouse has three-quarter sleeves and yoked top in white-spotted beige cotton. With it go the briefest of brief shorts to match. Shirt £2 5s., shorts £1 15s., at Galeries Lafayette. The gay two-piece opposite is in the ever-popular navy and white stripes. The jacket is inset with plain material and the jeans have unusual horizontal stripes. Jacket 79s. 6d., jeans 63s., both obtainable at Marshall and Snelgrove

*Photographs by
John French*





PLAYCLOTHES for morning, afternoon and evening that are uncluttered and defined. First a Swedish made linen boxy jacket in navy blue sailcloth—entirely waterproof—for showery summer days. The jacket can also be worn with equal ease with navy shorts or jeans. From Junex Co., Huskvarna, Sweden. From Julian Rose comes the navy blue chiffon with a brilliant red polka dot mounted on a stiff underskirt to give the swathed cross-over bodice importance in a dress for late day and restaurant dining out. Price 24 gns., from Fortnum and Mason. (Right) The crisp cotton print with a white background comes from Paul Jonas. The dress has a three-toned shoe-string strap top, and full-gathered skirt. Topped by the briefest of brief sleeveless boleros. Approximately 7 gns., from Harrods, Knightsbridge

*Original variations
on the young look*

DOMINANT



Michel Molinari

NOTES IN A PLAYTIME HARMONY



HERE is a summer print of wild silk, in the loveliest of colours—mauve, pink and lilac—which has also a fleck of black, and is topped with a detachable shoulder swathe. The black note is teamed for day with a large tulle cartwheel, accented with one rose (11 gns.), suede gloves (82s.), and suede handbag (£9 2s. 6d.). For evening there are white accessories to echo the white in the print: gloves 82s., shoes 9½ gns., pearl necklace £12 1s. 6d., beaded handbag £13 7s. 6d., and earrings 32s. The dress itself is 22½ gns., and comes with all the accessories mentioned from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



A TEAM FOR SUMMER

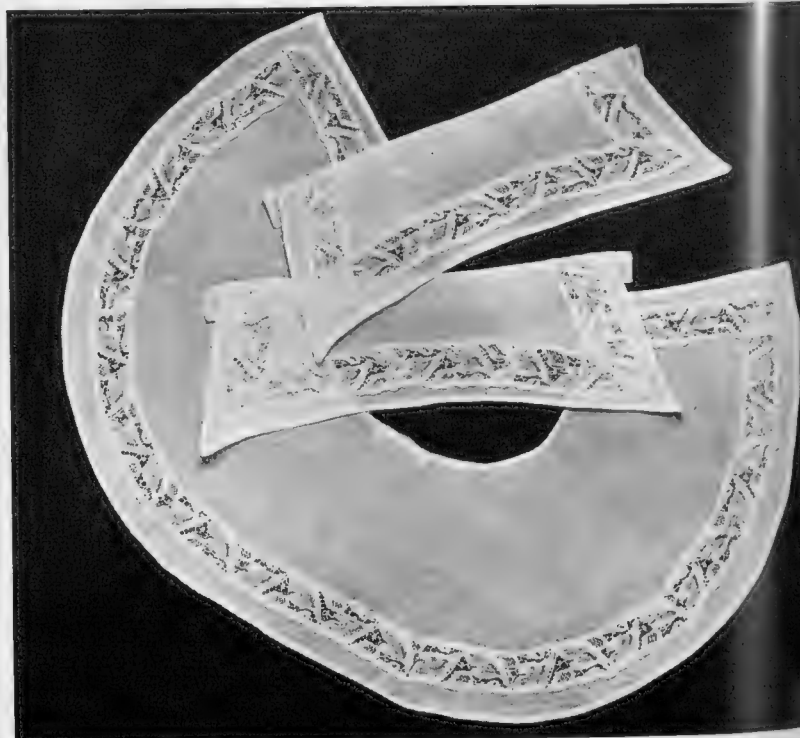


John French

Here is a gossamer stole, perfect for warm evenings, to be worn with a ball dress. It comes from Harrods and costs £16 16s.



Two of the new collar sets, which are both glamorous and practical, since they are easily washed. One is made entirely of lace and costs £2 5s. 9d. The other, organdie and lace for summer frocks, is £3 3s. Both sets from Harrods.



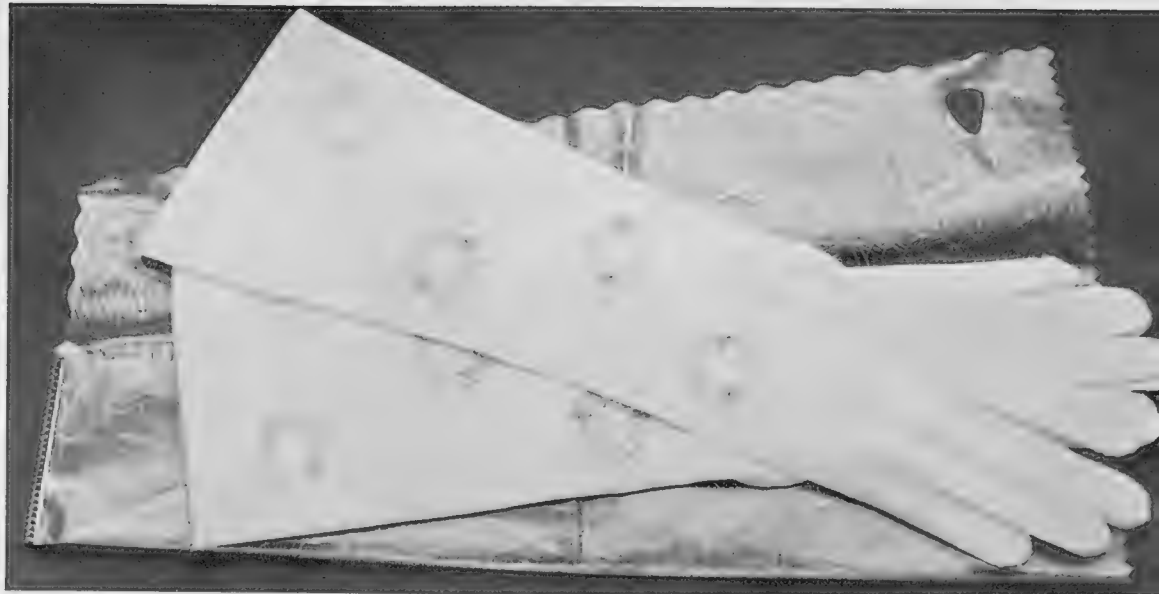
The charm of fragile lace

HERE are some examples of the enchanting lace blouses and stoles which have lately arrived in the shops. New, too, are the sets of collar and cuffs which can be used to add a fresh and cool note to simple summer frocks, or to soften more formal dresses

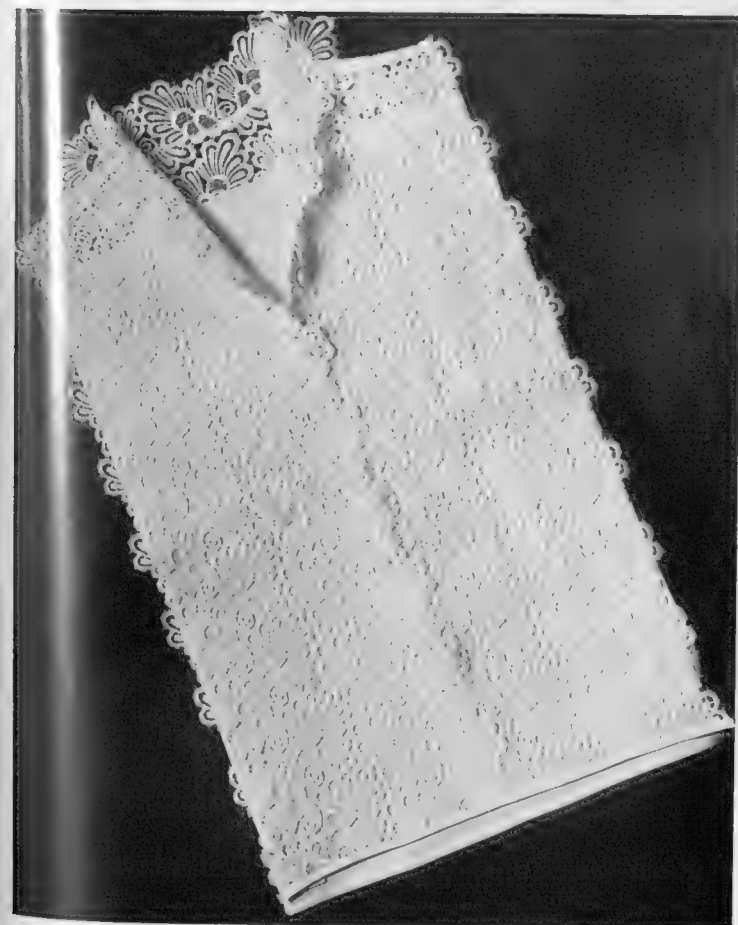
—JEAN CLELAND

Kayser Bondor's beautiful Beauvais embroidered "below elbow" length gloves, in an unusual pack to keep them clean—it opens, then closes again on pressure. Price £1 3s. 11d. From most leading stores

The "Casette" is the name given by Aspreys to their gay and elegant gold bracelet. The container is set with rubies and pearls, or other jewel combinations, and a pull of the tassel (right) reveals a cache for scent, tablets or what you will



The Edwardian lace "front" comes into its own again. Left: Dutch lace in a charming design, price £3 13s. 6d., from Harrods. Right: Chiffon and lace, light as a cobweb, £4 19s. 6d. From Harrods



Beauty

Ruling the Waves



"Ragamuffin," a young hair style by Steiner, who also created the three below

THE mystic rites by which women enhance their looks seem to be viewed by men in one of two ways; either as something to be accepted with amused tolerance, or as a feminine frivolity to be dismissed with impatience. Yet I sympathized with a group of men at a party who were complaining bitterly about the interminable time their wives take over their looks at night, before retiring. "Most of the business," said one, "seems to be concerned with a strange and lengthy procedure known as 'pinning up the hair.' Is it so necessary?" he asked, turning to me as though, because I write on beauty, the fault might in some obscure way be mine. "If so, isn't there some way of speeding things up?"

Answering the first question, which is often asked me by women too, I would say that it all depends. If the hair is naturally curly, and done in a somewhat carefree style, then it can be left to its own devices during the night. If, on the other hand, it has been permed, and carefully set—at some expense—then, unless you are prepared to go back to the hairdresser every few days, a certain amount of trouble must be taken to keep the set in place.

REGARDING the second question, "Isn't there any way of speeding things up?" Mr. Steiner, the hair stylist and trichologist, who has just brought out a new product called "Smart Set," is of the opinion that there is. For the benefit of the wives of disgruntled husbands, I will quote what he says about the perfect Pin Curl. "One point of supreme importance is certainly not realized by the women who attempt to set their own hair. Twisting the hair roughly into a circle will never achieve the result that is wanted. The secret is to curl the hair the way of its inclination. After damping it, and spraying with 'Smart Set,' draw a section through a comb against the pressure of the fingers or thumb on the comb, with a smart jerk. Now watch the inclination. The curl will flick in a certain direction, and tend to form itself. This must be the basis of the successful pin curl. Wind it in exactly the same direction as the flick reveals. For tight curls, tuck the ends in, and form into a flat spiral. If you wish for a looser, casual look, keep the ends open. The curl can be secured with hairpins interlocking, or with hair clips or grips, but never forget the 'Flick Test.'"

There you are, *Messieurs et Mesdames*, I can do no more except to add that healthy hair is always much easier to set than hair in poor condition. Excessive dryness, especially, makes it very difficult to deal with, as it is then too brittle and springy to be pliable.

IF dryness is your trouble, you will be glad to hear that French of London, who for some time has been using in his salon his preparation called "First Choice"—a cream that replaces the natural oils of which the hair is constantly deprived—is now marketing it for use at home. It can be purchased from his London, Bournemouth and Jersey Salons for 4s. a tube, thus enabling clients to give themselves home treatments to keep their hair healthy and easy to manage.

Many people bemoan to me their difficulty in getting to London to obtain advice regarding their hair from the leading salons. They, I feel sure, will be interested to learn of the free Hair Advisory Service extended by Golden Ltd., an associate company of L'Oreal of Paris. Backed by the experience of 100 research chemists, they have reason to claim expert knowledge of hair and its problems. Their service covers hair styling and trends, waving problems, scalp disorders, and all information relating to colouring in all its forms. Information and advice is given free to all those who care to write in to the Hair Advisory Service, 7 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1. There is also available a list of recommended hairdressers in various parts of the country, which can be supplied on request. This service should be of great value to country dwellers.

—Jean Cleland



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Fordham—Courtauld. Mr. Jeremy King Fordham, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Fordham, of Odsey, Cambridgeshire, was married to Miss Perina Courtauld, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Courtauld, of Great Yeldon, Suffolk, at St. Andrew's, Halstead

THEY WERE MARRIED



Smith—Hulse. Mr. Richard Ewart Smith, son of Sir Ewart and Lady Smith, of Manesty, Haslemere, Surrey, was recently married to Miss Patience Ann Hulse, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. W. Hulse, of Cobwebs, Esher, Surrey, at Christ Church, Esher



Stenborg—Dunant. Mr. Kurt Stenborg, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Ragnar Stenborg, of Stockholm, Sweden, was married to Miss Patricia Elisabeth Dunant, eldest daughter of Mr. Jacques Dunant, of Meads, Sussex, and of the late Mrs. Rideal Grace, at the Swedish Church, Harcourt St., London, W.1



Needham—Froud. The wedding took place of Mr. Peter Needham, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Needham, of The Gables, Sunningdale, Berks, and Miss Denise Froud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Froud, also of Sunningdale, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy

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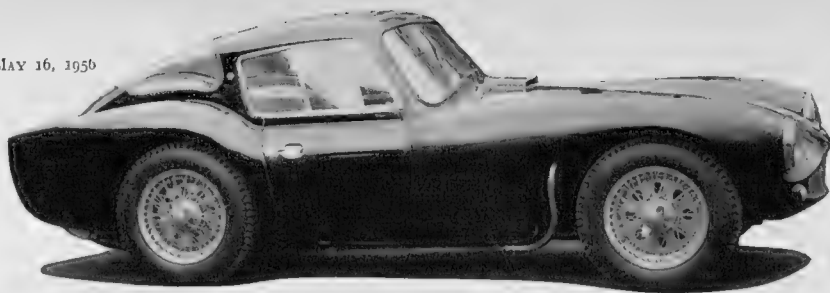
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Motoring

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Oliver Stewart



THE NEW David Brown Aston Martin DB3S fixed head coupe, which is built on the same chassis as the Aston Martin DB3S competition car and has the same engine. It is capable of 150 m.p.h.

ONE of the figures issued by the Automobile Association in its annual report surprised me. It was the figure of 218,000 members who availed themselves during the year of the free breakdown service. This means that one in eight of the gigantic membership of the Association called upon this service. The inference might be that motor cars are not much more trustworthy than they used to be.

On the other side there is the fact that the service covers many forms of "breakdown" which cannot be attributed directly to any mechanical defect. At the same time one cannot contemplate this figure without misgivings. It represents a thirty per cent increase on the previous year. There has not been a thirty per cent increase in motoring so it looks suspiciously as if there must have been a diminution in reliability.

An alternative explanation is that people today refuse to tinker. If the pressing of a button or the pulling of a lever fails to

produce immediately the right noise, they do not begin peering under the bonnet or lifting the floorboards. They leave the car beside the road and ring up the A.A. or the R.A.C. Yet the trouble may be readily cured by a trifling adjustment.

By the time these notes appear we shall know all about the International Tulip Rally. The entries were interesting and showed a good proportion of British cars and drivers. I was pleased that Austin had entered a factory-prepared team of A90s. In one of these cars Mrs. Joan Johns was co-driving with her husband Douglas Johns. For the works-entered M.G. Magnette there were two women drivers, Mrs. Nancy Mitchell and Mrs. Doreen Reece.

The way in which this rally acquired popularity is a lesson in basic ideas. No rally can hope to succeed when it is nothing other than a rally. There must be some distinctive feature about the manner of running it or the place selected for the finish. Obviously the Continent of Europe

is at an advantage over these islands in such matters for there are so many interesting parts to be explored, with the additional advantage of the much greater individual freedom enjoyed by everybody on the Continent—especially in France—than here.

CORRESPONDENTS to *The Times* newspaper have been inveighing furiously (and very rightly) against the vandalism of the Ministry of Agriculture and its myrmidons. Spurred on, it seems, by a cheer party formed by the National Farmers' Union, quite large coppices have been set on fire with the object of burning out a few remaining rabbits. But tens of thousands of nesting birds were killed in the process and hideous scars were left to afflict those who are sensitive to the scenery.

In view of all this I am glad that the Ministry of Transport is trying hard to ensure that attention is paid to appearances when (and if) the new trunk roads are being constructed. It is a welcome change in attitude from that exhibited by most Ministries.



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The Rev-Robe shown here is in real Irish Linen trimmed green or red, and costs £9.19.6d. It has a tray-lid (shown in the foreground) with compartments for shoes, underwear, etc. . . . Other models from £5.5.0d. to £19.10.0d.

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GIUSEPPE PIO BRUSA, of Brusa's Fifty restaurant, was born in Rome. He bought the Fifty in 1947, and is noted for the Italian dishes in which he specializes. Previously he was manager of Ciro's, and the Hyde Park Hotel grill room

DINING OUT

Port and parties

I WENT to the opening of Martinez Gassiot's new cellars in College Hill, and as these cellars run under the site of the former home of Sir Richard Whittington, four times Lord Mayor of London, it is possible that "Dick Whittington" when in residence used them for the same purpose.

Sebastian Martinez began to sell port and sherry in London in 1790, linking up with Peter Gassiot in 1822, who was followed by his remarkable son, Charles Gassiot, who apart from successful business activities contributed half a million pounds to St. Thomas's Hospital.

The present managing director, G. R. Beresford Smith, opened the proceedings and said that tradition had done a great deal of harm to the port trade, young people being brought up to believe that the only way to drink port was after a magnificent dinner and wearing a dinner jacket. He described this as nonsense, pointing out that you could enjoy port at any hour of the day or night, a view with which I heartily agree.

A very suitable follow-up to this tasting of some excellent ports was that next day I had the pleasure of lunching for the first time at the Braganza in Frith Street with Señor Mendes, Commercial Attaché to the Portuguese Embassy. This is a new venture by Michael Forte who, after working with his brother Charles for seventeen years, branched off under his own steam to take over the Cock Tavern in Fleet Street, which is doing a roaring trade, both in the bars and snack bar on the ground floor, as well as the cocktail bar, restaurant and Dickens Room on the first floor.

Portuguese restaurants in England are a great rarity and it was exciting to enjoy such specialties as *Linguado a Lisboa*, which is sole stuffed with a filling of shrimps, passed through egg and breadcrumbs and grilled, and *La Volaille en Surprise*, which is boned chicken, stuffed with *foie gras*, truffles, butter and brandy, cooked *en cocotte*, and served with cream, flavoured with paprika.

There is a very extensive wine list with over seventy Portuguese wines available, cleverly arranged to give you information as to the exact localities of the vineyards and qualities of the particular wines. We had Porca de Murca, which is a dry white, with our first course, and followed it with a Grandleve, which was described as a medium dry red, both being bottled in Portugal and both coming from the region of Douro. Almost all the wines, with the exception of course of the vintage ports, were well under 25s. a bottle. It is a peculiar thing that whereas port is treated with reverence and respect, if you serve a Portuguese table wine with a meal, people are inclined to look askance, whereas these wines are interesting and excellent and quite equal to the ordinary table wines of France.

THIS restaurant is managed by Amori, who was for twelve years at Manetta's and three years at the Café de Paris in the same capacity. The *chef de cuisine*, Albert Hintz, has been in England for six months and was previously *maitre chef* of the Restaurant Chez Mahu at Villerville sur Mer, near Deauville, a noted rendezvous for gourmets.

To keep things authentic at the Braganza they have a Portuguese receptionist, Miss Croft de Moura, who hails from Lisbon.

Another unusual event took place during this rather remarkable week. You don't expect to go to a wine tasting in a tent in the middle of London, but this is what happened when the directors of Bouchard Aîné erected a large marquee behind their premises in Halkin Street, where, apart from a stupendous cold buffet, they presented some red and white burgundies of 1954 and three château bottled Bordeaux, red and white, of '50, '52 and '53. Outstanding in my opinion was a Macon Blanc, remarkably good value at 8s. 6d. a bottle, the Pouilly Fuisse at 12s. 6d., and a Haut Marbuzet (St. Estephe) 1950, at round about 15s. a bottle.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Bread as a sweet

SIMPLY prepared dishes are very often expensive because their basic materials are. To complicate their preparation adds very little, if anything to them and very often impairs their quality. Simplicity, however need not be costly, and a little care and attention may be far more important than one might realize.

Take, for instance, Bread Pudding and Bread and Butter Pudding. The latter is the very much more simple of the two and it is certainly more rewarding—even elegant—than the usual stodgy concoction for which most recipes direct us to use "stale bread." "Stale," as applied to food, is an offensive word, although "stale" is never really meant.

Recently, I was called upon to make a Bread and Butter Pudding and it had been so long since I had made one or tasted one that I had forgotten how good it could be. Many men prefer one to almost any other sweet, and I know of one London restaurant which always has one on its menu.

HERE is a Bread and Butter Pudding which will not only arrive at table puffed up with its own importance but will also be a source of great pride for anyone who makes it:

For 4 to 5 servings, infuse a split vanilla pod in a pint of milk over a very low heat. (The pod, of course, can be rinsed and dried and used over and over again.) Allow the milk to cool. If you give it a stir now and again during both the heating and the cooling, there will be no skinny top on it.

Meanwhile, butter 4 to 5 thinnish slices of starch-reduced bread. Trim off the crusts and place them in a buttered shallowish oven-dish. Scatter over them an ounce or so of sultanas, currants or a mixture of dried cake fruit and half a tablespoon of sugar. Cut the trimmed bread into widish fingers and stack them, buttered side up, one against the other and overlapping, to form one complete layer on top of the fruit.

Beat 2 eggs just enough to combine the yolks and whites and stir the vanilla-flavoured milk into them. Strain the mixture into the dish—and do not worry if it seems a little wet. Sprinkle another half tablespoon of sugar on top and leave to stand for about 15 minutes. Sprinkle with grated nutmeg and bake for 30 to 35 minutes near the top of a moderate oven (350 to 375 degrees Fahr. or gas number 3 to 4, depending on your oven). If necessary, the pudding will wait a little and will be more like a soufflé than a simple "B and B" Pudding.

Then there is Pain Perdu (another misnomer!) which, as children, we called "eggy bread." Simply dip not-too-thin fingers of 2- to 3-day-old bread in sweetened vanilla-flavoured cold milk. Drain and dip in very slightly sweetened beaten egg, fry to a golden brown on each side in clarified butter and serve with vanilla sugar. Make this by distributing a pod of vanilla, cut in inch slices, through a pound or so of caster sugar in a tightly sealed jar. But I think warm apricot jam or purée is even better.

Crème Brûlée is a sweet over which there has been much controversy. The late X. Boulestin tried to "sort it out" and, in *The Best of Boulestin*, edited by Elvia and Maurice Firuski (Heinemann, 21s.), there are several versions of the sweet, one of which he thought to be the "real thing." At any rate, it is a simple dish and, if it "comes off," very delicious and very rich.

"Bring a pint of cream to the boil and pour it over the yolks of 6 eggs to which you have added, mixing well, 5 or 6 oz. of caster sugar. Mix well again and bring almost to the boiling point. Put in a shallow fireproof dish and finish in a slow oven until set.

"When cold, sprinkle with 2 oz. of caster sugar; burn it with a salamander or brown under the grill to form a kind of caramel top, which should be hard and brittle. Serve very cold."

Very simple, don't you think?—but not all that easy to get it perfect. For me, there is too much sugar in the custard and not enough on top.

If you try this sweet, I suggest that half the amount of ingredients will be enough for four servings.

—Helen Burke



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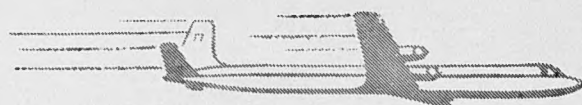


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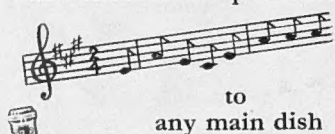
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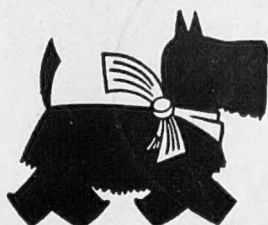
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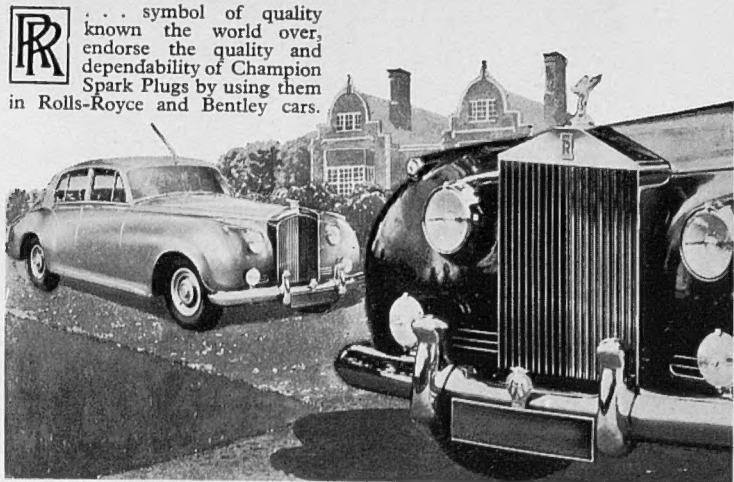
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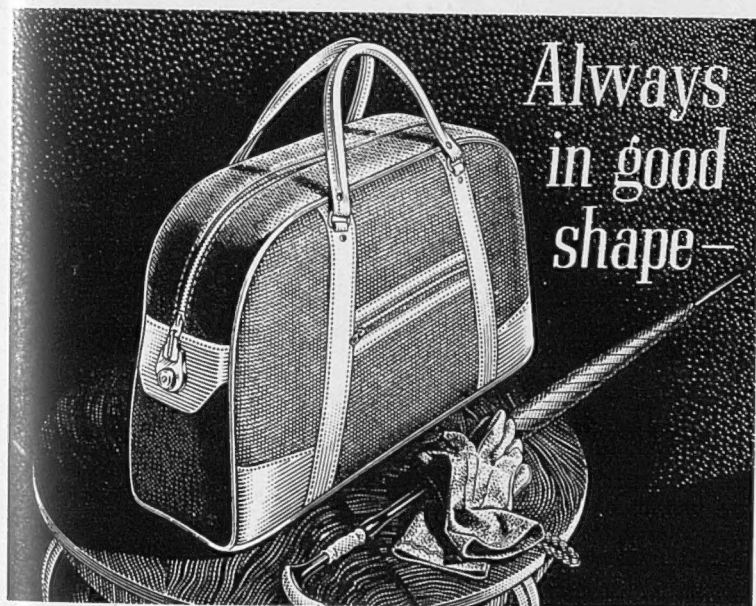


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For packing awkward articles, for shoes, sports kit, for picnics and so on ... Revelation Zip Bags are just the thing. Beautifully made, their smartstreamlined appearance is due to the patented 'skeleton' cane frame which keeps them always in shape, full or empty.

Other special features are stout handles guaranteed to take any

strain; I.C.I. 'Lightning' zips; rustless locks. In various sizes, materials and colours. Also models to match Revelation Luggage.

The model illustrated (No. ZR28) is in Rayon Canvas, trimmed full Hide Leather, size 18", and costs £3.10s. Other models from £1.12.6 to £7.10.0.

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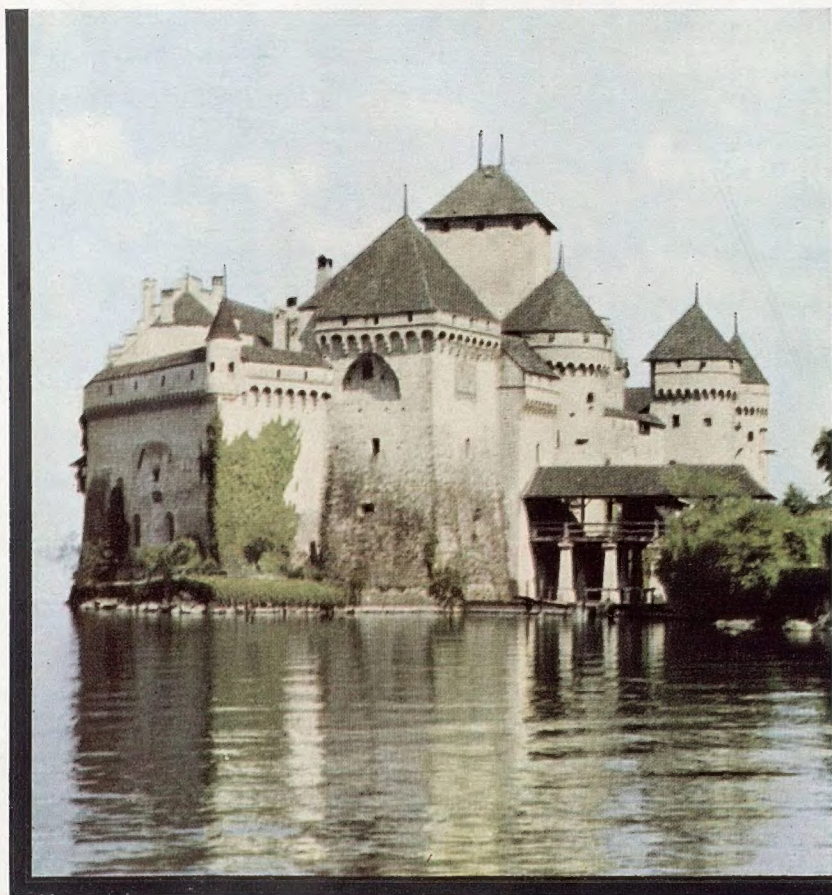


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